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motive

January 1961



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FRONT COVER ART: IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH, by ROBERT CHARLES BROWN.

God as Creator is still involved with his work, bringing order out of chaos, day by day.

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nunc dimittis

Lord, let me now depart
In joy and peace of heart,
For by Thy promise given,
Thou hast vouchsafed to me
What I have longed to see—
The saving grace of Heaven.

Now men of every race
Shall know Thy saving grace,
When they receive its story;
The children's strength and stay,
Light of the world's dark way,
Thy people Israel's glory.

* Translated from the French text by Ruth D. See, Richmond, Virginia.
The original music for the metrical version of this is used in Geneva
Presbyterian Church.



WOODBLOCK PRINT

BEN MAHMOUD

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One week after Bob Hamill sent this article to us, he sent a correction—"On Saturday morning the paper carried an article from Paris saying that 36 nations, including the United States and the Soviet Union, meeting in the 11th General Conference of Weights and Measures, have discarded the platinum-iridium bar and replaced it with 'an orange-red wave length of the gas Krypton 86, recorded in a spectrograph.' This gives accuracy down to one ten millionth of an inch as against the one millionth possible with a platinum bar. The article went on to say that this new precision will insure new accuracy in the bore hole of a guidance gyroscope for missiles and will prevent the former errors which could cause a space shot to miss the moon by 1,000 miles. Whenever you use my article, please add a footnote to this effect. Point out that I haven't figured out a way to use this new thing as an illustration yet."

Robert H. Hamill wants to acknowledge a debt to Dr. George A. Buttrick, this year the Harry Emerson Fosdick Visiting Professor at Union Theological Seminary. Wrote Hamill: "Last summer I heard Dr. Buttrick preach on this subject at Bay View, Michigan. I took no notes, but the impact of his outline and thought was so vivid that when I made some notations a few days later I am sure that some of his phrases and points got over into my writings as the university year opened up later on."

what is truth ?

BY ROBERT HAMILL

IN the Gospel of John you overhear a curious conversation that takes place during Jesus' trial. Pilate inquires about the charges, then Jesus replies that his kingship is not of this world. Pilate, amused perhaps, asks, "So you are a king?" Jesus answers obliquely, "You say that I am a king. For this I was born, and for this I have come into the world, to bear witness to the truth. Every one who is of the truth hears my voice." (18:37.) To that puzzling statement, it seems rather fitting that the sophisticated Roman official would yawn, "What is truth?" Then without waiting for a reply, Pilate goes about his business.

From the beginning of time every wide-awake man has searched for truth. Philosophers call truth the single object of their quest. Diogenes took his lamp into the streets to hunt for a truthful man. George Washington is celebrated because he was truthful. A cynic once remarked, "Only children and drunks speak the truth."

Truth comes in three kinds: courtroom truth, university truth, and biblical truth.

COURTROOM TRUTH

When you walk into the witness box, the clerk rattles off the familiar

vow, "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" When you answer Yes, you enter a new situation; you abandon the pleasant freedom of ordinary life; gone are the casual remarks and easy speech that are so much a part of daily talk. Every word must be weighed. Under oath you must tell the truth exactly as you see it. You will be cross-examined and held accountable.

"To tell the truth." Five of you saw an accident, and now you five give five differing accounts of what happened. The jury must decide whether some are lying, or whether you reflect honest difference of view. In either case Pilate has a tough question. What is truth?

You are to tell "the whole truth," but how can you speak completely about any man without tracing back his actions to his fears and dreams which are intertwined with his parentage in his very birth? Or how can you speak the whole truth unless you know the whole environment of the act, including its beginnings back in creation?

You are told to speak "nothing but the truth" but how can you divorce yourself from your seeing, and how can you cancel out your

own self-interest from your speaking? When the issues are hard we find it hard to be truthful; in the classroom examination, when the course grade, the job, and my career are at stake; when I make out my income tax and my political views are involved, as well as my bank account; when I deal with a friend who will reply with embarrassing things about me if I speak the truth to him; when I talk with a psychiatrist and it is greatly to my own advantage to be truthful, but even when my pride and my self-image are at stake; in every hard situation it is hard to be truthful. No wonder the French critic once wrote, "Most friends of truth love it as Frederick the Great loved music. Strictly speaking he was not fond of music, but of flute, and not of the flute, but of his flute."

This beginning kind of truth, courtroom truth "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—even this honest speech is difficult, and alas, it is brazenly disregarded today, as Charles Van Doren made us painfully aware not long ago.

UNIVERSITY TRUTH

Harvard University has on its seal the motto, *Veritas*. This points to the

university kind of truth, the truth that results from scholarly work. The university search for truth seeks to liberate men from prejudice, superstition and ignorance: it makes men humble and honest. The scholarly pursuit of truth insists that *out there* somewhere is objective reality, and if men will but sit down before the facts and learn like a little child, they will find truth. This scholarly pursuit does wonders, indeed. In the study of history, for instance, scholars search for what actually happened; and historians from many nations, under UN auspices, have agreed about the facts on the causes of recent wars, and they have agreed to teach those agreements in their several nations. In the study of sociology, scholars seek to describe social behavior accurately; Kinsey did in one field, and Montagu in another describe the human need to love and to be loved as the real nature of human nature. In the sciences, obviously, this method reveals the "facts," what constitutes "reality," and amazing benefits have blossomed from this method—a cornucopia of wonders. According to this kind of truth, a theory or hypothesis is true if the consequences logically derived from it can be verified by observation and experiment.

All this is what we mean by university truth. It gives us new insights into the wonder and workings of nature, into the hidden powers of the human person, and any man who experiences this grasp of truth will rejoice always.

Yet . . . yet . . . is that the whole truth about this kind of truth? Ask those who graduate from a university whether they now have ahold of a truth which deeply satisfies their real need, and they hesitate. They have the truth about facts; they know more and more about less and less, but alas, they also know less and less about more and more. They, like the university itself, feel fragmented, split up. They know that the truth is not in them, not the whole truth, at least. They long for something of the truth which

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Lord Lothian refers to when he tells of his own experience as a student at Oxford:

"The bell rang at eight o'clock in the morning and we all went to chapel. There we sat for one hour and listened to a man of combined intellectual and moral authority discuss questions having to do with the nature of mankind and the possibilities of human society upon the earth. After an hour of that we went to breakfast. The Dean would say grace, then restate the question of the morning, and urge us to turn over the matter in our minds and see the extent of our agreement or difference with the morning speaker. There for another hour we would chew and digest this weighty matter that had to do with the foundation and structure of civilization. Then, only as the third matter of the day, did we go to individual classrooms. Today we are under the illusion that these several teaspoons of knowledge in the classroom can be poured together into an intellectual substance to satisfy our thirst for truth, but it can't be done. We must instead do basic thinking about the meaning of life and the destiny of mankind."

I am not suggesting any limits or moratorium on the scholarly kind of truth; I am simply pointing out that this alone does not satisfy. Facts do not satisfy us, even if we had all the facts. Accumulation of knowledge does not add up to wisdom. *How* to do, does not equal *why*, and *wherefore*, and *where from* and *where to*. No wonder the university graduate is not satisfied with scholarly truth alone.

BIBLICAL TRUTH

Let us turn therefore to still another kind of truth. The Bible has its view of truth, but it is distressingly unphilosophical. Ask the Bible who is your neighbor, and you get no speculative, rational reply, only a story, the story of the Good Samaritan. Ask the Bible what is truth, and you get another strange answer. You hear Jesus say, "I am the truth." (John 14:6.)

The Greek word for truth is

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aletheia; it means unveiling. Women ought to understand this; so should the groom. At the altar when the bride unveils, it represents that "moment of truth" when what is hidden becomes manifest, the unseen is seen. The phrase is used also for that crucial place in a bull fight when the matador plunges the sword into the bull for the fatal stab; it is the moment of destiny when life and death come to blows. The mystery is revealed, the issue decided, the veil is slashed. The veil of the Temple is torn in two, and men see into the holy of holies. This is the moment of truth.

The Bible says this moment of truth for all human affairs was in Jesus Christ. The truth does not consist of ideas and propositions, the truth does not consist even of teachings which Jesus proclaimed, the truth does not consist even of something God says, but the truth consists of something God does; the truth is God's act, the truth is Jesus Christ.

Admittedly this is a strange notion, but observe how strange other things are also. Suppose you want to measure a room. You get a yardstick, but you want to measure accurately, so you get a metal yardstick. You want a yardstick that is really a yardstick. But how do you know that this metal tape measure is accurate? You must check it against the platinum bar in the Bureau of Standards, where one, only one, exact bar is kept under constant conditions, which is the accepted definition of a yard. (A yard is defined as .9144 of a meter, which is one ten millionth of the distance from the equator to the north pole; all this is substitute for the variable measure of a yard which a king long ago pronounced as the distance from his nose to his fingertips.) But how can we be sure that this platinum bar is truly a yard? The answer is this: we mean by a "yard" exactly this platinum bar; this bar is the yard; we begin with this axiom.

CHRIST THE MEASURE OF TRUTH

Let this suggest the biblical truth



that Jesus Christ is the official yardstick for all that matters. He is the definition of truth; we measure truth by him; he is the Bureau of Standards measure.

Notice how this judgment about Christ has been applied. To God, first of all. It is not that Jesus was so much like God that therefore he must be God's son; rather it is that

God is so much like Jesus that we call him the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. To Scripture, also; we say that whatever in this book witnesses faithfully to him, that is authentic Scripture; it is inspired if it accurately points to him; he is the measure of Scripture. To the church; the true church must conform to the mind of Christ and continue his ministry; he measures the church. And to truth, as well; for when we say that he is the truth, we mean that Jesus Christ shows us what reality really is; he is the measure.

What a crude leap of faith, you say? Indeed, but so is a yardstick; scientists have accepted that particular piece of platinum as their truth about measure; they have not proved it, they cannot test it, they begin by accepting it, and they measure from there. In science this is called an axiom, a presupposition, a self-evident truth; in religion we call it a leap of faith, but a faith by any other name is still a faith.

THE TRUTH PROVES ITSELF

We say that Jesus Christ is the truth. This means that in him the truth, the genuine, the ultimate reality is present. God is present in him, unveiled, made visible and comprehensible. This is not to say that Jesus is the truth because his teachings are true. No, his teachings are true because they express the truth that *he is*. He is more than his words, and more than any words about him. Neither his teachings nor our doctrines are the truth; he is the truth. Teachings and doctrines can only point to him, and only he can verify whether they participate in the truth.

If he is the truth, it is because he proves himself. The truth in Christ is self-evident. For instance, recall some examples. When Jesus overheard two disciples arguing about their standing in the kingdom of God, Jesus turned to them with a piercing question, "What were you discussing while you walked?" A company came to him disputing about property, and asking his advice on how to divide up the produce. "Who made me a judge over

you?" "No one is good, only God." He reminded his people of how the world behaves, how Gentiles lord it over one another, "but it is not so among you, for whoever is great is servant of others." Fret not about that woman's guilt; "let him who is sinless cast the first stone." Men asked about taxes; "render unto Caesar, and render unto God." They asked about death; "The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, he is not God of the dead, but God of the living." They asked about morals;



he said you are to love even your enemies, not to convert the enemy to your way of life, but that you may be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect. No wonder the Japanese student came under conviction, and confessed at last, "The strange thing about Jesus is, you can never get away from him." He authenticates himself; he unveils the truth; the truth in him is self-evident.

TRUTH MAKES CLEAR

No wonder Samuel Beckett inserts this strange bit of dialogue in the midst of *Waiting for Godot*; two tramps appear on stage, waiting,

waiting, waiting for God, perhaps, but nothing happens. One of them leaves his boots on stage.

Vladimir: Your boots, what are you doing with your boots?

Estragon: I'm leaving them there.

Another will come, just as . . . as . . . as me, with smaller feet, and they'll make him happy.

V: But you can't go barefoot!

E: Christ did.

V: Christ! What has Christ got to do with it? You're not going to compare yourself to Christ!

E: All my life I've compared myself to him.

V: But where he lived it was warm, it was dry!

E: Yes. And they crucified quick.

There is something in that Man that makes its own appeal, that stands on its own feet, that proves itself. That is why we know him as the truth.

He is a kind of Rosetta Stone. In 1799 archeologists found in Egypt that table with parallel columns in Greek, and ancient hieroglyphics, which enabled them to decipher the ancient Egyptian. The Rosetta Stone was the key to understanding; it gave clue to translation, and insight. So Christ is the insight into the nature of God and the purpose of living; he is the translated understanding of what God is and what man ought to be. He is the truth about all these mysteries which are now unveiled.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THE TRUTH?

But even yet we are puzzled. How do we know this truth that is Christ? There are countless ways. To anyone who is seriously seeking for this final truth, it will come to him, often unannounced, sometimes unnoticed. It may come through some reading in Scripture or elsewhere, or some glimpse of beauty, or some encounter with a friend, or with an enemy, or by some shattering engagement with yourself, with failure, or guilt, or unspeakable joy. It may happen to you especially in some act of obedience, when you seek not so much to obey the com-

mandments which bind, but to obey him who liberates. This truth will burst upon you most vividly when you are inside the Christian company, exactly as the university truth grasps you when you are inside the university. Does it seem strange that you must first come inside before you can see? St. Augustine said it wisely: You must believe in order to understand. Take an illustration. In the *Cambridge Modern History* you come across this passage: "On July 4, 1776, Congress passed the resolution which made the colonies independent (of England), issuing at the same time the well-known Declaration of Independence. . . . The Declaration sets out a general proposition so vague as to be practically useless. The doctrine of the equality of men . . . is either a barren truism or a delusion." Some years later a President stood on a battlefield, and described that same event: "Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Now which of these is true? The rational, objective, analytical statement of the historian, or the warm understanding of Abraham Lincoln? Where is the truth, in the outside view, or the inside? Who can know what American liberty really is except the American who can sing about "our fathers"? And who can know what Christian truth really is, except the Christian who can sing about our fathers in the faith, from the inside view?

This inside view does not abandon either courtroom truth or university truth; both are required. It means simply what Jesus said: "If you continue in my word, you will be my disciples, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.) The truth that sets you free is not truth in general, not courtroom truth and university truth alone, but the truth that is in Christ. Those who "are of this truth know my voice." They know it to be the truth, the truth about God and about themselves.

the disappearing case for honesty

BY LOUISE STOLTENBERG



JOSEPH Renner, university student, is taking a final examination. He must—simply *must*—make a B in this final. Everything depends on it! If he gets a B, his professor has assured him of a B for the course, and this means that he will have the minimum required grade points to continue his law course—and undoubtedly complete it. Also, there is Nancy. She is obviously set on his becoming a lawyer; it looks like: no lawyer, no Nancy! With so much at stake small wonder that Joseph is virtually paralyzed with tension and can hardly put down on paper the ideas he knows well. Who can blame Joseph if he occasionally refers to some notes he has surreptitiously brought into the examination room. Surely *in this context* one could not consider this cheating.

College and university students know the problem of academic honesty is a continuing and sometimes agonizing one. A few years ago the newspapers of the San Francisco Bay Area screamed out this headline: "Jacob Says 40 per cent of College Students Cheat." Dr. Philip Jacob was making a report to an educational group in the East in which he was giving some of the highlights of his forthcoming book, *Changing Values in College*. Certain research had produced this figure of 40 per cent. The outburst of concern locally was similar to that evoked at a later time nationally by the Van Doren incident. Oh, the handwring-

ing by shocked adults—which however lasted only a few days!

The students themselves, though, continue to operate in a situation where grades have become so critically important that they almost arbitrarily confer either success or failure on the individual. If in the meantime academic cheating does actually increase—or even if it is presumed that it is increasing—the position of the noncheating student becomes more untenable. Must he not in self-defense resort to cheating? What shall he do?

THE EROSION OF THE TERM "PRINCIPLES"

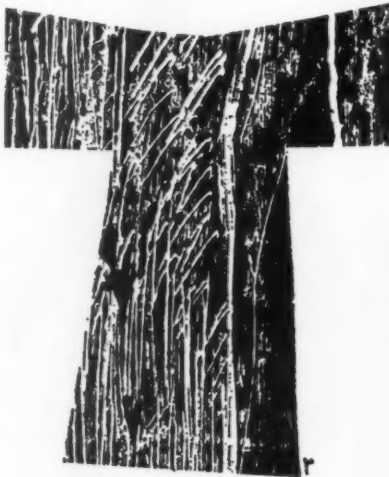
Not too many years ago morals were taught mainly as principles or fundamental rather fixed rules for proper living. Honor your parents, Speak the truth, Love your neighbor, were some examples. Perhaps there was a bit of naiveté in this approach and often a failure to comprehend how these neat little rules could be applied to concrete life situations, but at least here were definite handles which individuals could grasp. Morality, in other words, possessed content and objectivity.

Now, however, what campus minister or counselor would approach his students in this simplistic fashion? Of course one might possibly discuss such an ordinary topic as telling the truth and find some general agreement that this is a fairly good habit to practice—but then the qualifications and word-spinning would surely begin. Numerous examples would be cited to show the catastrophe of telling the truth under a variety of conditions. What the young student initiate might conclude after his first session is hard to know, but don't worry he'll soon get into the swing of things and provide his own examples with consummate skill!

Gone are the days when one could say flatly that certain types of conduct were honest and certain other ones were not. Formerly, the feelings and desires of the individual and the qualifications of the context were minimized while prodigious efforts were made to maintain intact

societal norms. Right was right, black black and white white; the dawn of the all-grey age was yet to come. Then, the individual knew that there were standards outside or beyond himself which had authority and which should be followed without quibbling.

Of course the impossibility of making any firm case for absolute honesty in this day must be granted. But to admit this seems to be taken by many people as agreement that there is no real case for honesty at all. Why is this? Why has giving up the concept of absolute honesty practically robbed the term of any fixed content or meaning? Why are we so cautious about setting forth any kinds of principles of conduct as stable and helpful guides by



which to determine our decisions in real life? It seems that there have been three developments in our thinking in the past years that must take at least some responsibility for dissolving once firm moral rules.

ESCAPE THROUGH RELATIVISM

About one hundred years ago anthropology began developing as a fascinating and legitimate social science. It provided a major concussion on Western thought that is still highly influential, for it brought to

light the fact that societies of men all over the world, and at various times and places, have been able to maintain themselves successfully even though they have supported widely divergent values and customs. There seemed actually to be no concrete evidence to support any particular system of values as being "best" or absolutely good. Naturally this was a profound shock to many persons who had assumed that of course Western or American values enveloped ultimate Truth.

To discover that such perfectly nice qualities as industry, thrift, and peaceableness, which our culture has (at least in times past) heavily stressed, would be minimized or even rejected arbitrarily in other cultures was rather disconcerting, to say the least. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" may be a maxim evoking positive responses in the United States, but in other places it would be regarded as quite ridiculous or laughable. Our cherished value of monogamy even found itself under scrutiny. How astonishing to find there were actually logical explanations of polygamy and polyandry that offered at least a degree of justification for their practice. Where primitive societies have held most of their property in common, naturally such words as "honesty" and "theft" were not very meaningful.

The acceptance of these findings, and the discovery that there positively was no certain, objective proof of the superiority of Western values, played an important role in causing many of our leading thinkers to become avowed relativists. They came to agree that values, ethics, and even knowledge, are relative, that is, vary with the individual, society, time, and circumstances.

Surely, it is more than clear what such a line of thought could do to ideas formerly held rigidly or even absolutely. Honesty has been, of course, one of the values subjected to unending discussion and sophisticated analysis. Today let us suppose that a religious student group is about to begin a series of discussions

on the general subject of honesty. They will probably start off with a definition of the term. A few months later, after literally worrying it to death, they will not have a definition but they will in the meantime likely have aired well such thought-provoking topics as "Don't 100 per cent of All Students Cheat Instead of 40 per cent?" and "When Is Cheating Not Cheating?" The quibbling, hedging, and qualifying can continue ad infinitum, but when the students have reached a perfect state of confusion, they will likely decide to give this up and bring illumination to the next program subject of the year.

One Protestant campus minister offered the following example as a case where cheating would not be cheating: A student of architecture is required to take an extraneous course on architectural history having to do with the ancient world, which will have absolutely no relevance to his future work. His professors admit this, but it is still a requirement. Now, then, our campus minister suggests that *in this particular context* it is really not cheating if the student "borrows" the work of another person who has previously taken the course.

And so an uncritical relativism enters the culture with the blessing of those who should be its most searching critics. But let us make one point. Human societies have indeed created widely different value systems, and each society has claimed its values to be superior and authoritative. It remains for us moderns to become so knowledgeable and sophisticated—apprehending, as we do, the folly of absolute values—that we are on the verge of refusing to sanction any system of values to which our members are called to give devotion and commitment. No other culture has dared consider operating under a "no-value" system!

THE APPEAL OF EXISTENTIALISM

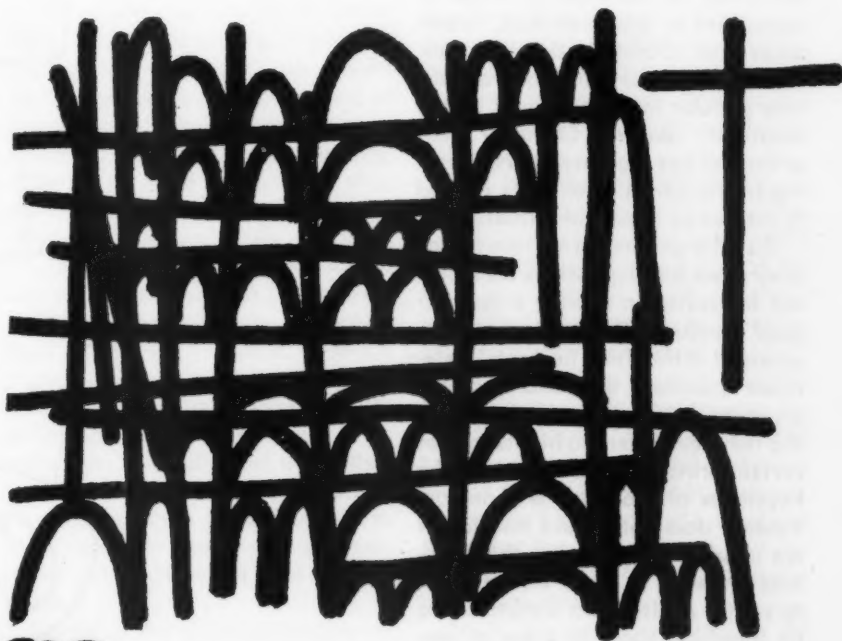
In recent years a new kind of thinking about man has swept into certain circles to claim adherents. It is called existentialism. Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), the great

Danish theologian and philosopher, is considered a precursor of this thought. He lashed out against the traditional, rationalistic philosophy of his time, against rules and systems, and emphasized, instead, the importance of the nonrationalistic, the absurd, the subjective, and inwardness as the path to truth.

While existentialism has religious, agnostic, and atheistic people in its fold who express many dissimilar viewpoints, it does have some common areas of interest and agreement. Seeing the *individual* as an existing, free being who is responsible for what he makes of himself, existentialists give cardinal importance to the individual's choices and to the necessity of his drawing on inward resources to make the most effective decisions. (There is, however, a strange disregard of the individual's responsibility for other individuals.) Thinking is rooted in existence; truth is subjective, are phrases repeated often. Say the

existentialists, much of conventional thinking is separated from that which truly matters. Many existentialists minimize science, for example. Men, they insist, must give their attention to that which is of consuming importance, must exert themselves to become existing beings, must live changed lives. By looking within, men can find the source of truth and power so that even in the face of guilt, failure, despair, and death they can respond to life with integrity.

Such admirable proposals are hard to criticize, especially since the quality of integrity recommended is the kind the author of this article wholeheartedly supports. But a major weakness of existentialism seems to be its unlimited confidence in the ability of the individual to come forth with wholly good decisions without reference to any outside norms. The principles, value systems, and ethics ground out so laboriously and often so sacrificially



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throughout human history, are cast aside as virtually irrelevant.

While the integrity of most leading existentialists is no doubt beyond question, it takes only a little imagination to see how easily such a philosophy could be perverted by the novice, who either does not understand its rigorous call to selfhood, or does not *want* to understand. "Me for freedom and subjectivity," shout Mary and Joe student. "Now we can make our decisions from what 'wells up' within us. It's great stuff!"

Is it not just a little ridiculous even to discuss the term "honesty" when relativism practically strangles it with qualifications and existentialism largely ignores all the traditional and most highly treasured values of the culture while urging its adherents to express themselves existentially?

ADD A BIT OF NEW THEOLOGY

Another development has occurred in the past thirty-five years or so which, however, has probably affected as yet proportionately few persons. But give it time! This is a new theology influential in some Christian circles, known as neo-orthodoxy, which emphasizes the imperfections, weaknesses, and basic sinfulness of mankind. It arose in opposition to the optimistic, rather superficial Christian thought concerning the nature of man that was very popular in the first part of the twentieth century. Certainly neo-orthodoxy has presented some sobering truths which were badly needed to correct an impossible situation.

But the pessimism of neo-orthodoxy poses some questions for a person interested in making a case for good conduct. Think of the compounded difficulties he faces! *Relativism* questions the validity of his proposed values; *existentialism* gives the fishy-eyed stare to his claim that certain principles and values are the keystones of morality; and neo-orthodoxy does not believe individuals are capable of practicing these virtues anyway! It is no wonder that to youth, adults seem sometimes to be threshing about in a sea of ambiguities and confusions. They are.

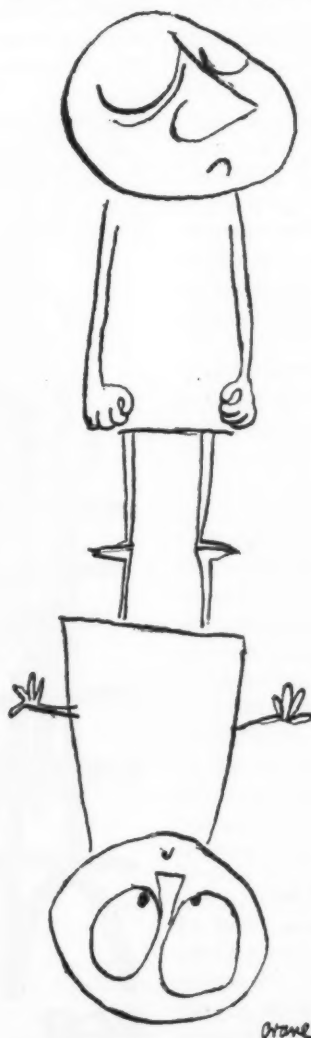
ENTER: "ME-ITIS HONESTY"

And so the way is paved for the flowering of what we might term "me-it-is honesty" This is a kind of honesty which by and large turns on *me* and *my* wishes, *my* comfort, *my* happiness. Of course it usually makes a slight bow to the prevailing norms of honesty, but they are mangled beyond recognition in the process. Rationalization, fulsome and unending, is its most indispensable tool.

The addict of me-it-is honesty finds it a relatively simple matter to make his decisions about his conduct, for he need not suffer particularly from the complicating intrusion of something so vague and frustrating as principles. In the main he needs only to consult with himself

and his own particular interests. If he were asked whether or not Joseph Renner really cheated when he brought special notes to the examination room, he would expostulate: "Cheat? Of course not! Renner did the right thing in overcoming his diffidence and using the notes. Why, otherwise his entire life would have been ruined!"

And so the concept of honesty degenerates until it has no real content; it becomes little more than a synonym for expediency. For example, let us suppose a student is pondering this problem: to cheat or not to cheat in Thursday's examination. The case for *not* cheating hinges on the fact that he might suffer the embarrassment of being detected and could even be expelled



WON'T YOU EVEN
CONSIDER MY
POINT OF VIEW?

from college, while the case for *cheating* is that he needs badly a somewhat better grade than he can probably earn with his ability and the insufficient studying he has done. This is a perfect case of merit honesty, for regardless of the decision it is an expedient one. Honesty as a principle of life carried on for its own sake has never entered the picture; it was lost before the thinking began.

Shockingly enough, the point comes when the rationale for either honest or dishonest conduct rests on exactly the *same* foundation—the wishes and interests of the individual concerned. If a dishonest action appears safe and if it will yield the desired goal, this course is taken with little genuine compunction. When such a person hears such platitudes as "Honesty pays" or "Honesty is the best policy," he will doubtless agree enthusiastically but also he could say the same thing about dishonesty! He has come to the place where he cannot take seriously the idea that honesty can be a completely valid concept *quite apart from whether or not it pays*.

Great literature of the past has often dealt with the theme of the suffering penitent who does not resort to comforting rationalizations to justify his conduct. Today many may regret our pervasive lack of honesty but to experience anguish and suffering over our own and others' dishonesties would be too much. Often it seems the worst thing that can happen is to be caught! Man becomes a clever, rational animal busily piling up his own social, physical, and economic comfort. But man as a *spiritual being* who finds the greatest wonder in life to be that he can commit himself to transcendent ideas and eternal verities—is this a dying concept? The modern tragedy is that for so many, many persons *there is no compelling reason for being honest*.

HONESTY IS A WAY OF LIFE

To behave honestly *only or chiefly* because one fears being exposed is not honest conduct but expedient.

Honesty must have some kind of built-in yardstick or it is a meaningless term.

But what does honesty mean after all? How about this as one definition: To act honestly means an individual, keeping in mind the understood tenets of fairness, must seriously consider the rights and welfare of all people with whom he deals, as well as the means of encouraging the growth of his own best self, and he must follow through his conclusions with all the rigor he can summon. On the basis of this definition a person who cheats in an examination is doing an injustice to his classmates and certainly to himself. But this is a poor definition. It lacks specificity and still leaves everything to the judgment of the individual. And after all, what are the rights of others? What is my best self?

But if one is really pushed to the point where he actually asks such questions, and begins to answer them, *then the situation is saved*. For he *can learn* what his culture and his religion assent are the highest values available to men. He can study religion, ethics, justice, and philosophy. While none of us would now be happy with a religion as authoritarian as that of the Israelites in the seventh century before Christ when the Deuteronomic Code was presumably in effect, we might profit from observing its method of inculcation. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk to them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. 6:6-7.) (Good gracious, speaking of indoctrination!) But one good way to know something and know it as more than an intellectual truth, that is, to internalize it and appropriate it with the whole psychic self, is to think about it deeply and continuously, discuss it, test it, and live and relive it.

To fill in the above definition requires years, but a major purpose of

religion and education has been to give men and women ethical content so that even under stress they can make their decisions with integrity, because they have discovered and internalized values. A decision made by such persons might be exactly the same as a purely existential one where the answer "welled up" from within, but it would be backed by content. If we wish we might call it an *informed* existential decision.

Our predicament today is that the problem of honesty is simply too staggering for us. We have discovered that giving nice little pep talks about being honest during examinations is quite futile. Who is so naive as to suppose that the chronic cheater is going to mend his ways because of a lecture! He cannot be touched until his basic outlook on life is changed. Every person has some set of values, whether or not these are consciously and systematically expressed and are wholly consistent. His actions must be reasonably congruent with these values if he is to function normally. The chronic cheater is somehow able to make his actions fit his values, although often, no doubt, he necessarily employs huge doses of rationalizations to make them mesh. Inspecting blue books, seating students apart, and strict monitoring, may offer some protection to honest students but it never touches the basic problem of how to redeem the cheater.

For honesty—or dishonesty—is actually a way of life. Honest conduct is indissolubly linked to a man's deeply held views about life. If his basic commitment is of a certain kind there is no need to lecture him on the folly of cheating for he could not cheat anyway; it would give the lie—an unbearable lie—to what he cherishes most. He knows that honesty as an integral part of the life he has chosen insists that it makes the terms; he does not. He may have to suffer for the concept, but he will not crush it for his comparatively petty interests.

It is because the problem of honesty is so deep seated and our

diagnosis ordinarily so artificial that we are making no headway with it. What else can an adult do except wring his hands when he reads the charge that 40 per cent of all college students cheat? And what can students do except struggle along confusedly in the ambiguous, perplexing world in which they find themselves. Human beings do not easily revise their fundamental ideas about life—and this is the core of the problem.

And because honesty is a way of life and often makes such almost impossible demands on creatures who after all are only men, who could ever pass its most rigorous tests. (Neo-orthodoxy has a point!) Diogenes had one too when he hunted high and low for an honest man. Had he owned a mirror and held his lantern up to it, peering in, perhaps he still would not have found what he sought. But surely most of us—students and adults alike—could do *far more* than we are now to add integrity to our lives. Rather than resisting the present gushing currents that would tear loose the foundations for honest living, we dive in! Most of us are fairly adept at the game of playing just a little bit loose with the facts. No one expects us to be *very* truthful. Many a good Christian mother encourages junior to go to the movie on a ticket for twelve-year-olds until junior unfortunately swells to a size that makes this completely pass the bounds of credulity. "White-collar crime" we are told is growing by leaps and bounds. So it goes. And how few of us have the decency to suffer when

we are on occasion forced to face our perversions.

So, then, it is quite all right to begin a discussion of honesty with the matter of cheating in examinations, but, remember, before it is concluded we ought to be wrestling with such an issue as what is the nature of human life. This may seem to raise a hopelessly big problem, but this process will not be nearly so futile as the one that shakes a finger at the chronic cheater and thinks thereby to bring reform.

CHRISTIANITY AND HONESTY

Strange, is it not, that in the discussions I have had with student members of junior college religious groups on the subject of honesty, religion was virtually never intruded into the conversation by these students. It was as though never the twain should meet.

But in our analysis we have tried to show that honesty needs some content and standards or else it is easily perverted to the point where it serves the whims and interests of the individual. So far, however, we have not been specific about the source of this content and the foundations upon which it rests.

If the Christian cannot find the basis for a life of integrity and honesty in his faith, he would do well either to search deeper or discard it! The matter is that important. This does not mean the student should now run to his Bible concordance and look up the few references under honesty. It is not that easy—and, besides, the references are mostly trivial. The issue goes to the deepest level of our thinking, for honesty is, we have claimed, a way of life bound closely to our most basic, cherished beliefs.

Staggering and incomprehensible as it may be in a modern, unbelieving age, the Christian believes in God—a God who is infinite and absolute, who creates and supports all things but yet has personality, loves, judges, forgives, redeems. If this means anything it means everything. (That masses of so-called Christians

are undisturbed by it does not alter the fact.) Now God becomes the center of life. The face of the world is different, and living has a new orientation and quality. Man can turn himself beyond himself when he has made the cataclysmic, spiritual discovery that *God is*.

This God who exists calls on men to love him with all of their being. (Mk. 12:30-31.) *Having done this they are ready to love their fellow men with devotion and love themselves wisely.* Here is the foundation plank on which to build a life of honesty; this is the authentic level from which discussions about honesty should proceed. We are God's and we must respond to him, our fellow men, and ourselves responsibly. Everything else we add is only elaboration of this central thesis. When a student *really* faces and answers the soul-piercing question of what he believes about life, the issue of honesty is fundamentally settled one way or the other.

And yet the student who accepts seriously the Christian assertion had better be prepared to begin a lifetime of working out the life-set which he has chosen. Living in a mixed-up world he will not find it easy to add the practical content and standards which he must have to make his daily choices. Good decisions every day cannot be made automatically even though the individual knows well what his fundamental commitment is. Realizing that there are no prepared, absolute answers to fit his innumerable problems, the thinking, existing, judging individual must call upon all the resources—*internal and external*—that he can find to implement his basic commitment and to prevent his choices from becoming distorted by rationalizations based on self-interest. At least there is hope that in such a course word-spinning, sophistries, and idle intellectualisms about right and wrong conduct will be reduced to a minimum and that the individual will become disciplined and reasonably confident in his decisions.



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what do we do when WE WORSHIP ?

BY FRED D. GEALY

WE put ourselves in the presence of the "holy." The "holy" is that which stands over against us, in that it is both fearful and fascinating; it both repels and attracts. If there is not that in the object of worship which impels us to turn away from or to hide from it, or even to drive it away, it is not really an object of worship; it is not God. If there is not that in the object of worship which impels us to turn toward it, or to expose ourselves unreservedly to it, or to pursue it at whatever cost, it is not an object of worship; it is not God.

The "holy" is something to which we say, "Come here" and "Go away." It is that before which or whom we say, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." We "fall down" and worship. What this means is that in the worship-event we, standing over against God, knowing him to be God, become instantaneously aware of our creatureliness and our sinfulness. Our first outcry, therefore, can only be "God, be merciful." That is, there is always some element of terror in an authentic worship experience, always some "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." That is, God manifests *first* to men by making them aware of the distance between them and him, by making them aware that they are men and not God. And this means, according to biblical anthropology, that man as such knows that he is disobedient and rebellious. That is, he stands between himself and himself, between himself and the world, between himself and his

brother, and between himself and God. God's initial act of grace, therefore, is to show to man his sinfulness in such a way that man, seeing himself thus, in abhorrence strips off his masks, and exposes himself as he is wholly to God, imploring forgiveness.

So abased is man in the presence of the holy that he cannot give adequate expression to distance between himself and God simply by confessing his own sin. He knows that he is a sinner in a sin-solidarity. He may even see the whole creation as "subjected to futility," and in his groaning cry out, "Who will deliver me from this body of death!" (Rom. 7:24.)

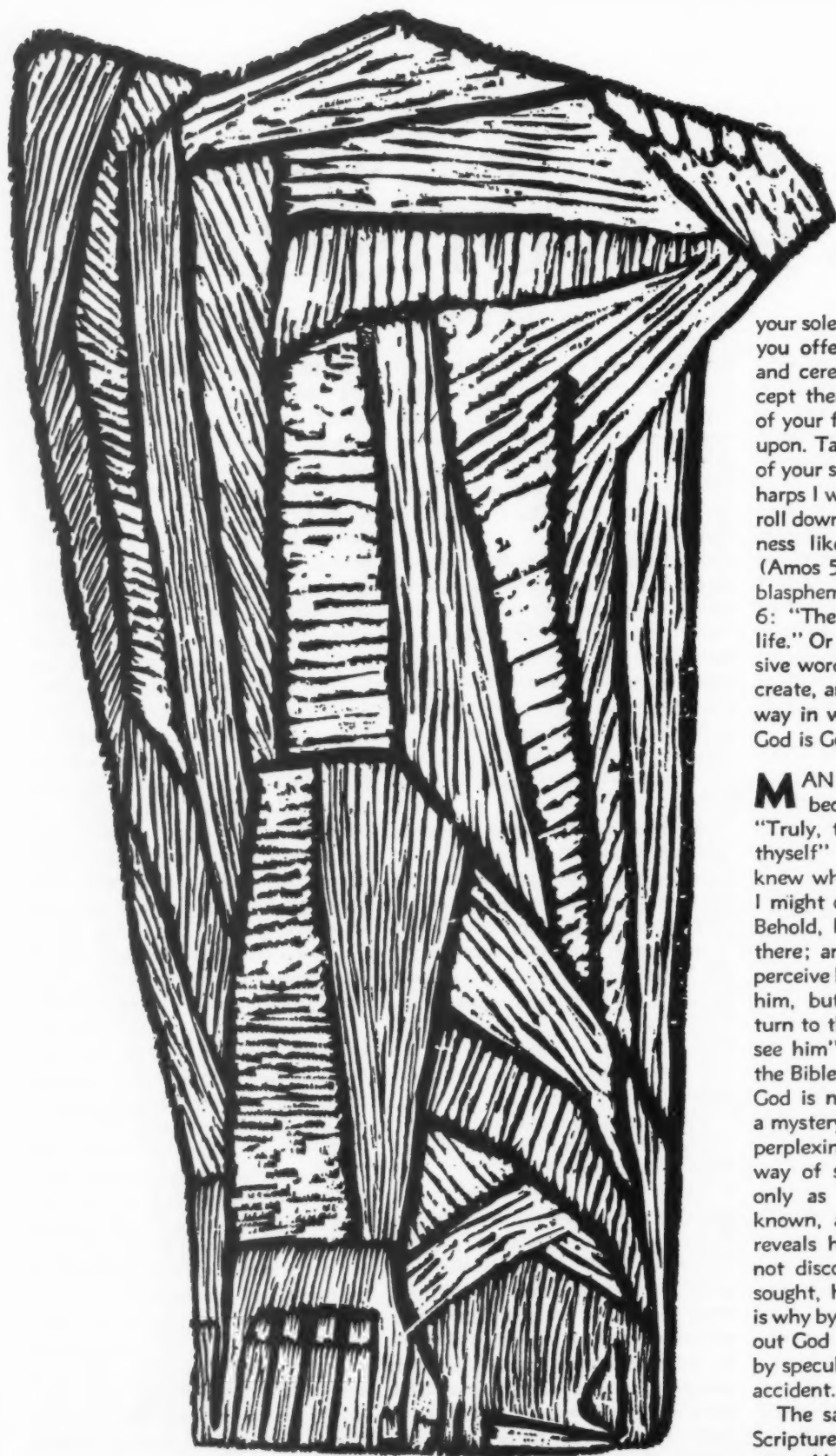
At some point in every Christian worship service there must be for everyone some such encounter with the holy. It may be in prayer or scripture or sermon, in hymn or anthem; it may be in the inner sanctum of the heart as the worshiper, in God's house in the midst of the congregation of God's people, excludes the very business of worship in order that he may worship in spirit and in truth.

Unless this happens, you haven't really been to church, even if you have been to church.

IN Christian worship, the holy before which we bow is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the God of the complete Bible, not the polished, conceptually up-to-date God of the philosophers nor the smooth, well-sandpapered God of the peace-of-mind people. If he is kind and gentle, he is also rough and gruff. If he will not break the

bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax (Is. 42:3), yet "He leads priests away stripped, and overthrows the mighty. . . . He pours contempt on princes. . . . He makes nations great, and he destroys them" (Job 12:19, 21, 23). If like as a father he pities his children; if, knowing our frame he remembers that we are dust (Ps. 103:13-14); and if he will say, ". . . my compassion grows warm and tender. I will not execute my fierce anger . . . for I am God and not man . . ." (Hos. 11:8-9), ". . . I will love them freely. . . ." (Hos. 14:4)—yet he will also say, "So I will be to them like a lion, like a leopard I will lurk beside the way. I will fall upon them like a bear robbed of her cubs, I will tear open their breast, and there I will devour them like a lion, as a wild beast would rend them. I will destroy you, O Israel . . ." (Hos. 13:7-9). "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you . . ." (Amos 3:2). "Does evil befall a city, unless the Lord has done it?" (Amos 3:6) He may "break out like fire" (Amos 5:6). For whether he does good or evil, he is the High and Holy One. It is "He who made the Pleiades and Orion, and turns deep darkness into the morning, and darkens the day into night, who calls for the waters of the sea, and pours them out upon the surface of the earth, the Lord is his name . . ." (Amos 5:8).

It is none other than the one who says, "Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name, you are mine" (Is. 43:1), who confronts the same worshiper with the fearful greeting: "I hate, I despise your feasts, and I take no delight in



PRAYER

MARGO HOFF

your solemn assemblies. Even though you offer me your burnt offerings and cereal offerings, I will not accept them, and the peace offerings of your fatted beasts I will not look upon. Take away from me the noise of your songs; to the melody of your harps I will not listen. But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an everflowing stream" (Amos 5:21-24). It is biblical, not blasphemous, to say with I Sam. 2: 6: "The Lord kills, and brings to life." Or if you prefer the less offensive words of Isaac Watts, "He can create, and He destroy." This is the way in which the Bible insists that God is God.

MAN "comes" to God in worship, because God is a hidden God: "Truly, thou art a God who hidest thyself" (Is. 45:15). "Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat! . . . Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand I seek him, but I cannot behold him; I turn to the right hand, but I cannot see him" (Job 23:3, 8-9). But for the Bible to say that God is a hidden God is not just to say that God is a mystery or that man's existence is perplexing. It is rather the biblical way of saying that God is known only as he makes himself to be known, as he shows himself. God reveals himself to man; man does not discover God. "God cannot be sought, He can only be met." This is why by searching, man cannot find out God (Job 11:7), nor reach him by speculation, nor hit upon him by accident.

The same idea is set out in the Scriptures in terms of light and darkness. Although God is light and in

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him is no darkness at all (1 Jn. 1:5) and in his light do we see light (Ps. 36:9)—that is, God is the Revealer—yet he dwells in darkness. "The Lord has set the sun in the heavens, but has said that he would dwell in thick darkness" (1 Kings 8:12), and Psalm 97:2, 4, says, "Clouds and thick darkness are round about him; . . . His lightnings lighten the world; the earth sees and trembles." And David says, "He bowed the heavens, and came down; this darkness was under his feet. He rode on a cherub, and flew; he was seen upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness around him his canopy. . . ." (2 Sam. 22:10-12). God sees but he cannot be seen.

And since God shows himself where *he* will show himself, his behavior is a scandal to men. For him to say, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion" is a stone of stumbling, a rock of offense. For what he does "depends not upon man's will or exertion, but upon God's mercy" (Rom. 9:15-16). That is, God is not under man's control, nor is he accountable to man. He is even free to say, "Those who were not my people I will call 'my people'" (Rom. 9:25) and "I have been found by those who did not seek me; I have shown myself to those who did not ask for me" (Rom. 10:20).

Thus whether in the Old or the New Testament his warning word must be "Blessed is he who takes no offense at me" (Mt. 11:6). It is the *actual* offensiveness of God which provokes the beatitude.

It is in the double presence of *both* "the kindness and the severity of God" (Rom. 11:22) that Christian man says, "O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments and how inscrutable his ways!" (Rom. 11:33.)

IN Christian worship we are engaged in an act of *celebration*. What we celebrate, in the first place, is God as he has made known "his eternal power and deity . . . in the things that have been made"

(Rom. 1:20). This involves grateful acceptance of the nature and structure of our existence, of this visible and manipulable universe, with its unimaginably varied and rich potentialities. We celebrate *this* world, accepting it as God's world. It is not appropriate for us to speak of it as either the best or worst of all possible worlds; it is enough to say that it is a world in which God makes known to us his power and glory. To celebrate the world as God's world means first that we seek to understand it as it is in itself, and that we enjoy it for its own sake, not just for its usefulness to us. The "poet's view of the woodchuck," as stated by E. E. Cummings, should really be the Christian man's view of the total composite of existence. "The farmer," said Cummings, "only sees 2 per cent of the woodchuck, comprising that part which nibbles a few leaves in his vegetable garden. He doesn't see the other 90 per cent, the dignified animal who lives in his own world and has his own business to tend to, which he does very well." The Christian man sees the other 98 per cent of all existents.

It means also that we interpret salvation primarily as having to do with our life here and now, in this world, not in terms of escape or release from it, not as something that has essentially to do with some form of postmortem existence, in a beautiful isle of somewhere. It means rather that man is brought into an authentic understanding of himself in relation to himself, his world, his fellows, and his God, and that being wholly involved in the total reality of his existence he lives each day, in the obedience of faith, that life to which God summons him.

Secondly, we celebrate God's revelation of himself *in history*—in all history. The tree of life is lush and green; all of its branches are full of sap and juice. To touch man anywhere is to touch where God has been and may be again. There are therefore really no dull or meaningless pages in the history of man-

kind. There are, however, both glorious and dreadful pages. For man is a creature of both misery and grandeur. These statements are true of all history, and not merely of Christian history. Therefore, nothing human is alien to the Christian. God says to us as he said to Israel, "Are you not like the Ethiopians to me, O people of Israel? . . . Did I not bring up Israel from the land of Egypt, and the Philistines from Caphtor and the Syrians from Kir?" (Amos 9:7) And we must go on to say of all the peoples of the earth, ancient or modern, that God has "made from one every nation of men to live on all the face of the earth" (Acts 17:26). We therefore celebrate all breathing life because it is God's life.

Yet, in the third place, as Christian worshipers, there is a special river which in a very special way makes glad the city of God, namely, the stream of biblical history, salvation-history, we call it. It is here that the word of God sounds loud and clear as it summons us to a total involvement in and to ultimate commitment to that righteousness of God in which alone the word salvation takes on its richest meaning. The Christian man has to say "salvation is from the Jews" (Jn. 4:22), enduring all the anguish which must necessarily go with attributing ultimacy to a historical particular. The Christian rightly is called to bear himself the obloquy which he has heaped upon Israel. Being a Christian does not relieve him of the burden of being in this sense a Jew.

And, finally, there is an even greater scandal which the Christian affirms and suffers, the scandal of confessing his faith in a particular man in a particular history, even Jewish history. Christian man cannot really avoid making his ultimate confession in terms of Jesus Christ. He has to bear the burden and suffer the embarrassment of extravagant language like that of Hebrews 1:1-3: "In many and various ways God spoke of old to our fathers by the prophets; but in these last days he has spoken to us by a Son, whom

he appointed the heir of all things, through whom also he created the world. He reflects the glory of God and bears the very stamp of his nature, upholding the universe by his word of power." He cannot give up this language just because it is absurd.

Now, the holy which stands over against man in worship is the word become flesh, Jewish flesh, man, a man who is all men, who is any man. He is the one who tells us that to obey God is to be human and humane, is to be both a son and a brother. It is he and none other who is the key which opens all doors to the understanding of the self in its world and to its full redemption. Therefore we cannot but join our praises with those of the myriads of myriads and thousands of thousands who say with a loud voice: "Worthy is the Lamb who was slain, to receive power and wealth and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing," and with "every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and in the sea, and all therein, saying 'To him who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honor and glory and might forever and ever!'" (Rev. 5:12, 13.)

IF, then, these things are so, the most effective method of providing a context in which the Christian worship event may take place is to organize the worship services after the pattern of the church year. Here we are provided with a proper variety of scripture, both Old and New Testament, and with sufficient multiplicity of subject matter to give expression both to the fulness of the biblical revelation and to the many facets of the Christian life. During any twelve-month period, then, the core meanings of the Christian revelation find excellent opportunity for rich expression in the scripture readings, the prayers, the hymns, and anthem-texts, and the sermons.

Further, if the meaning of Christian worship as set forth herein is valid, then there needs to be a radical reorientation throughout the

total range of our worship services, perhaps especially in our use of the arts, whether musical, pictorial, plastic, or architectural. Professor Tillich has correctly stated the case: "Modern art is not propaganda but revelation. It shows that the reality of our existence is as it is." But this is just the function of the holy. "Come, see a man who told me all that I ever did," the Samaritan woman said (Jn. 4:29), describing in a classic epigram what the Revealer always does. For a long time now, the church has cherished art as propaganda. It has portrayed the holy in such a way as to destroy that which makes the holy holy. Its music is so frequently to be characterized as empty and trivial, without sturdiness of musical texture or goodness of musical form, without drive and passion. There is no tension in its commonplace harmonies and progressions, only an enervating smoothness, an overripe sentimentality which cushions the thrust of the holy and renders its impact void. When it becomes the intent of the composer to preserve the past or to soothe the congregation or to excite emotion without encounter, the holy vanishes from his work. Both inspiration and revelation abandon the church and make a home for themselves outside the covenant people, and again God becomes compelled to say to a no-people, "You are my people." What is serious in the indifference, even hostility, of the contemporary church to modern art, is not that the church is aesthetically behind the times. It is rather the church, in deciding for representational art, has become idolatrous. It has broken the second commandment; it has lost its understanding of the holy; it has become world.

In writing about music, Virgil Thomson has an understanding word for us: "A lugubrious respectability overlays nearly all our religious music-making. And our best composers tend more and more to reserve their joyful noises, as well as their terrifying ones, for secular circumstances. . . . The exchange of materials and of device between

sacred and secular usage is the one constant pattern discernible in the musical history of the last twelve hundred years. And at no point in that time is it possible to distinguish save by sheer functional criteria, such as instruments or verbal texts employed, the music of worship from that of sheer entertainment. . . . Church music in our century, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish, has been conservative and, compared to the music of theater and concert, inexpressive. It lacks self-confidence, liberty, assertion. . . . The next step, the only possible step forward today in music destined for church usage, is the full employment of the modern technique. . . . Wherever religion is a wide enough house to have room in it for men of spirit, there is likely to be a lot of joyful noise-making, not only on psaltery and harp and timbrel but on quite loud instruments like the crashing cymbals, with high notes and trills and rapid arpeggios for voices and justling counterpoints and terrifying harmonies. There never has been a Sacred Style; but sacred music, like any other, can have style, which is carrying-power. And it can have that today only on condition that, like all the memorable sacred music of past centuries, it be not afraid of its own time or timorous to employ the art's full resources."

The same understanding is to be extended to all the church arts. Unless in them all we are confronted with the holy, which for us means the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; unless by them we are brought into the presence, not of *our* God, but of God, whatever we do at church is not Christian worship.

I would make bold so say that reconception and rebirth of the Christian worship experience and event is the greatest need of our churches; that it will require a much more radical reorientation and reconstruction of our church life than is commonly supposed; and that it is the most urgent work we have to do.

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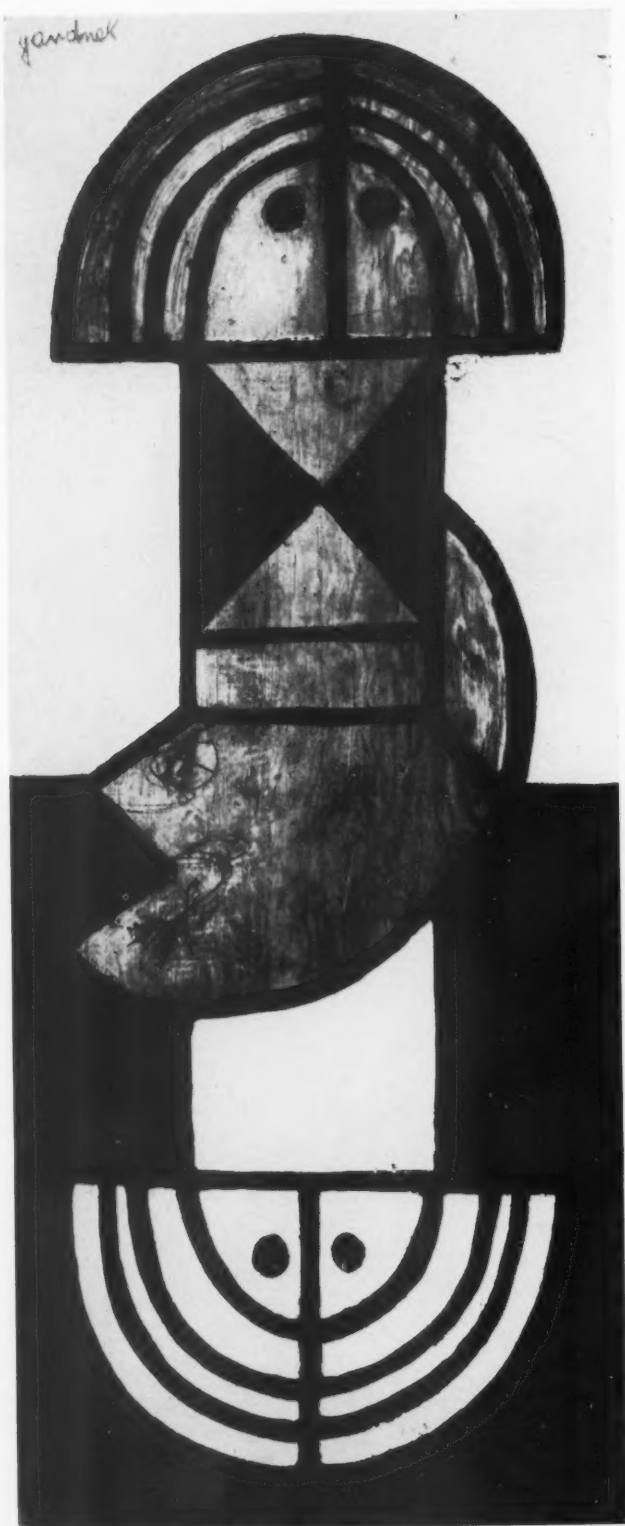
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DYING BULL, 1959 OIL ON CANVAS, 57"x50"

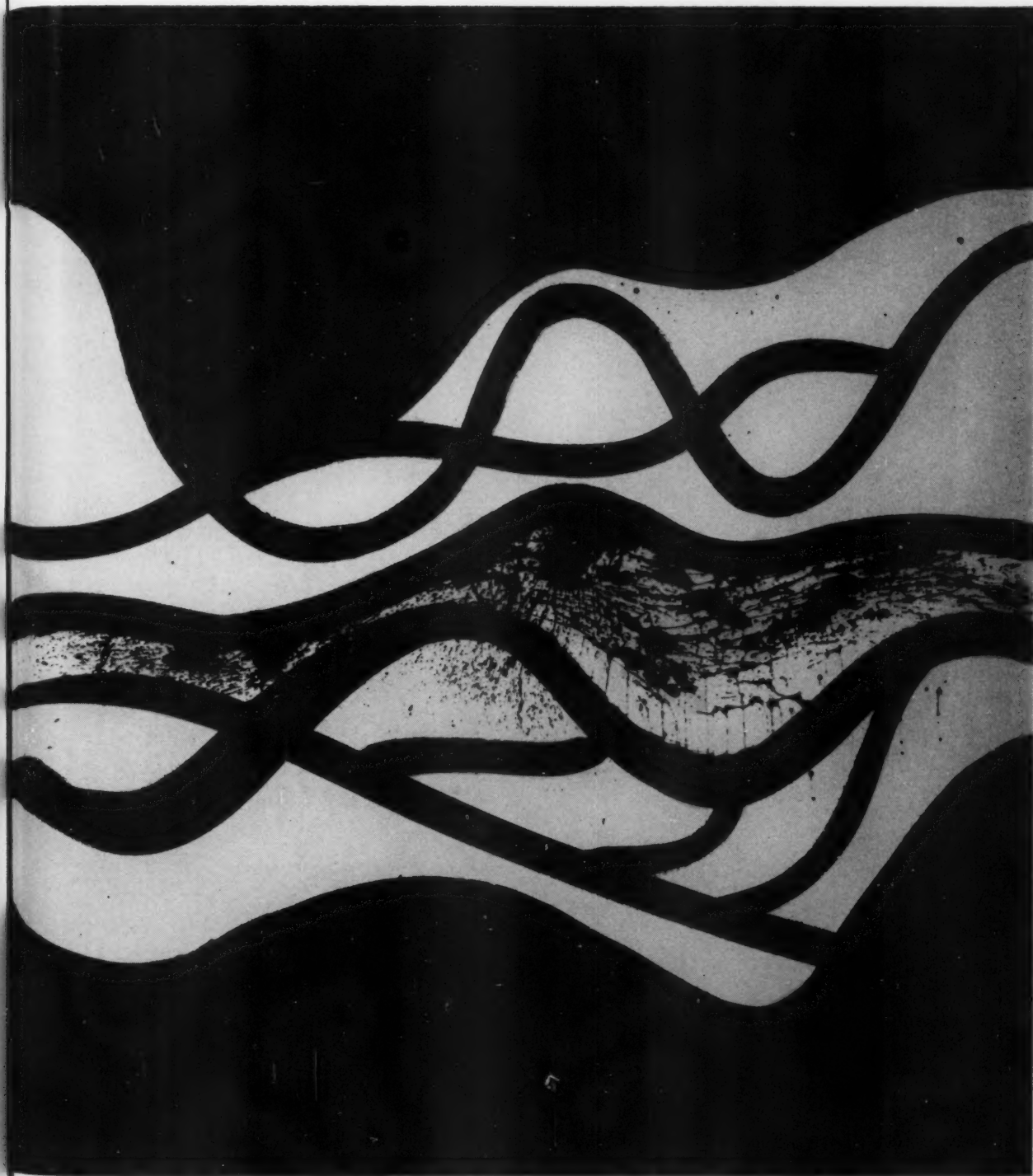
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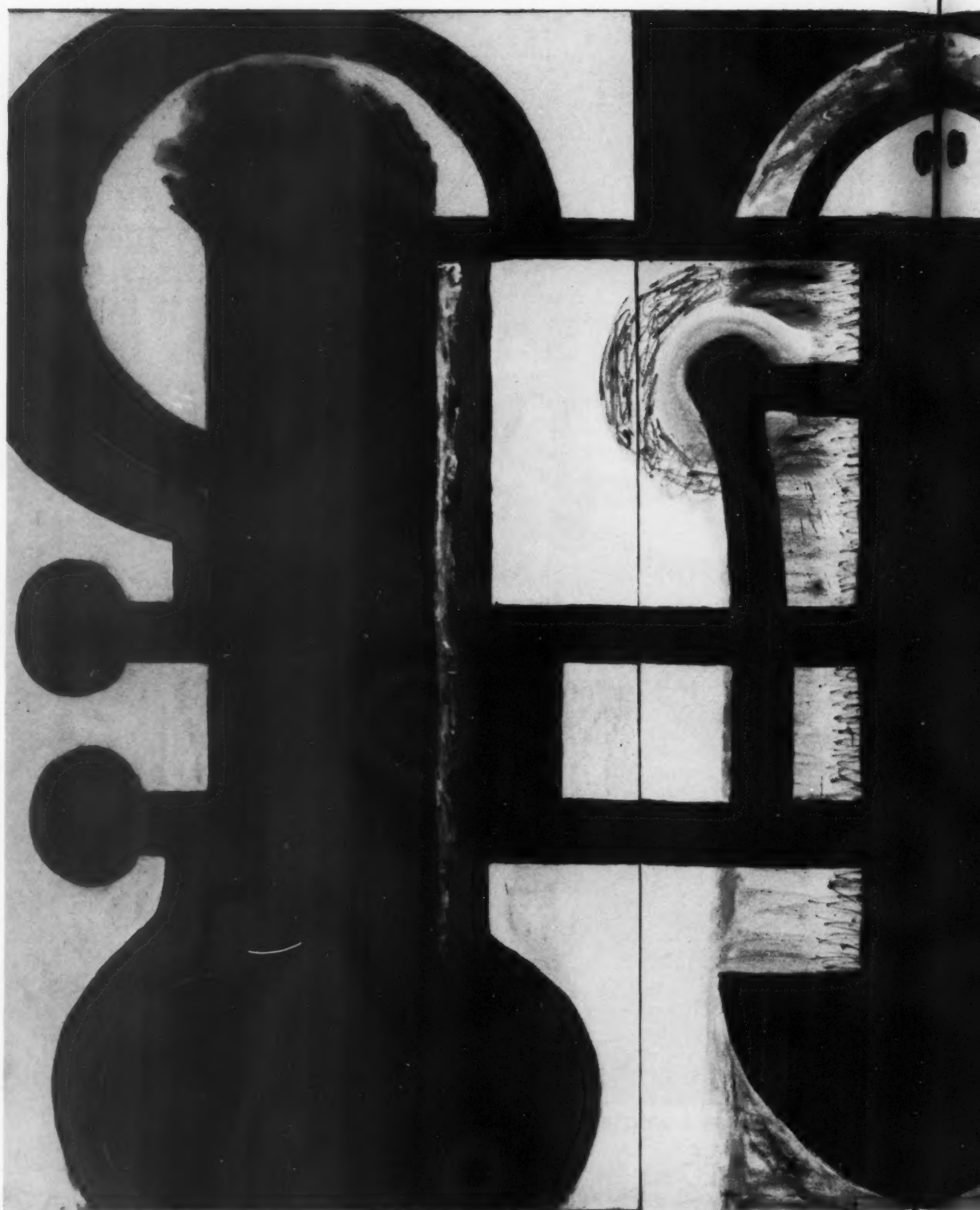
THE TWO FACES, 1960 OIL ON WOOD, 59 1/2"x24"

COLLECTION ROBERT O. HELSMOORTELT, N. Y.



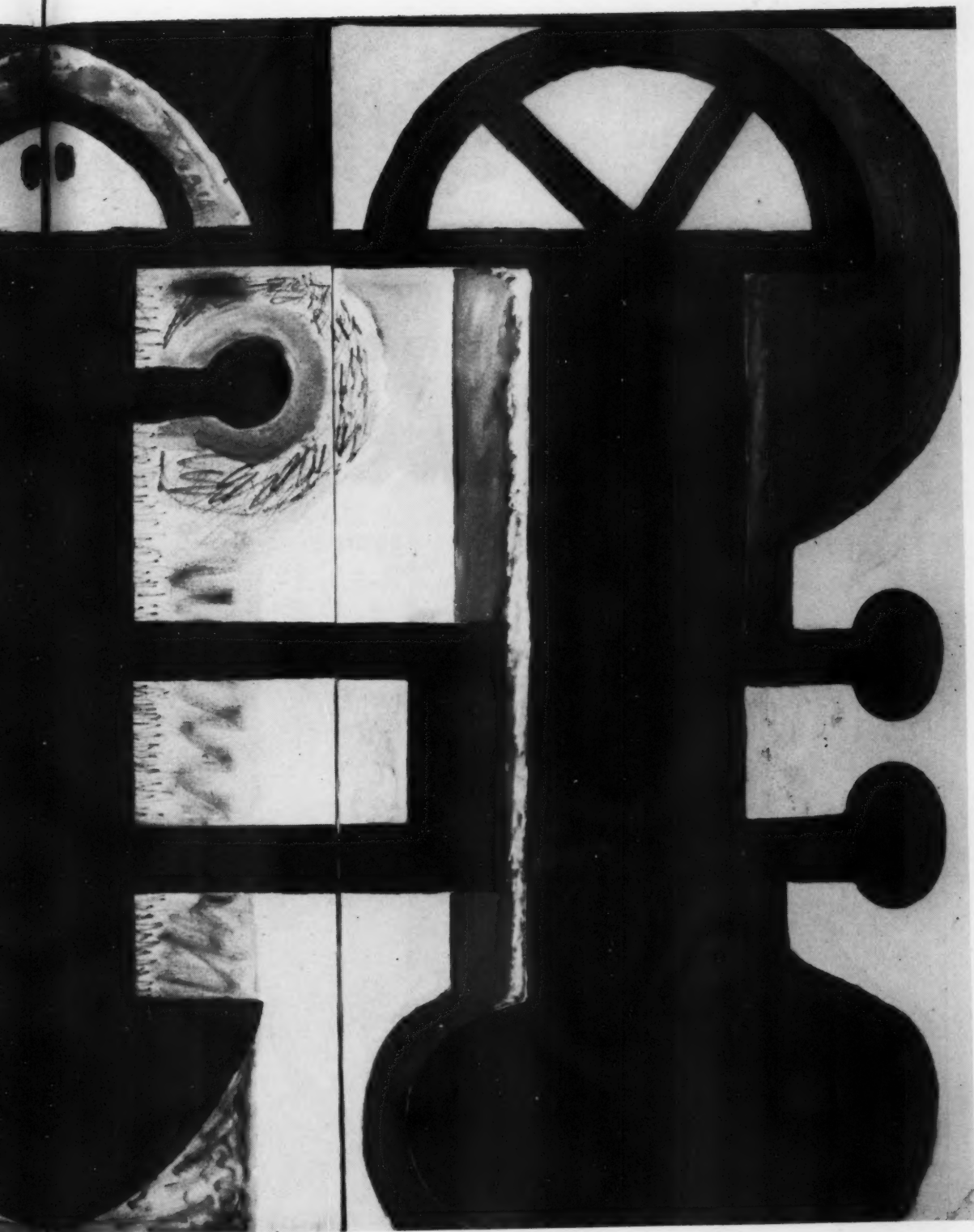
MOVEMENT THROUGH A WINTER LANDSCAPE, 1960 OIL ON CANVAS, 51"x58"

OWNED BY THE ARTIST



CONCEPTION, BIRTH AND DEATH, 1960 OIL ON CANVAS, 172"x107"

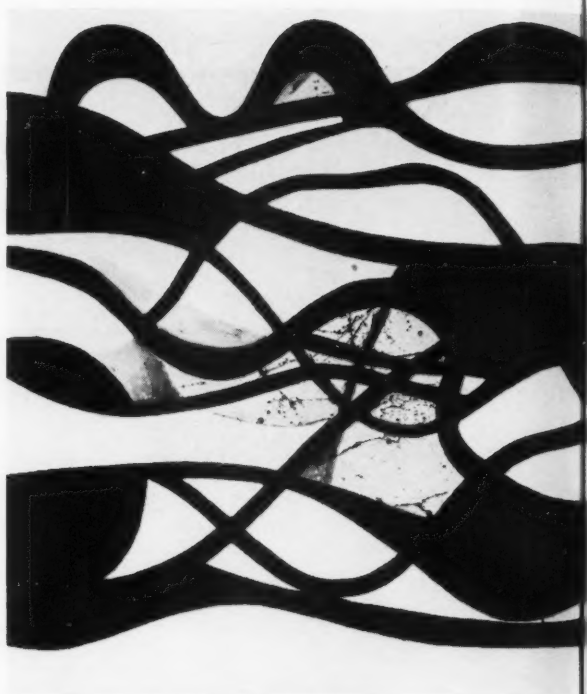
OWNED BY THE ARTIST



January 1961



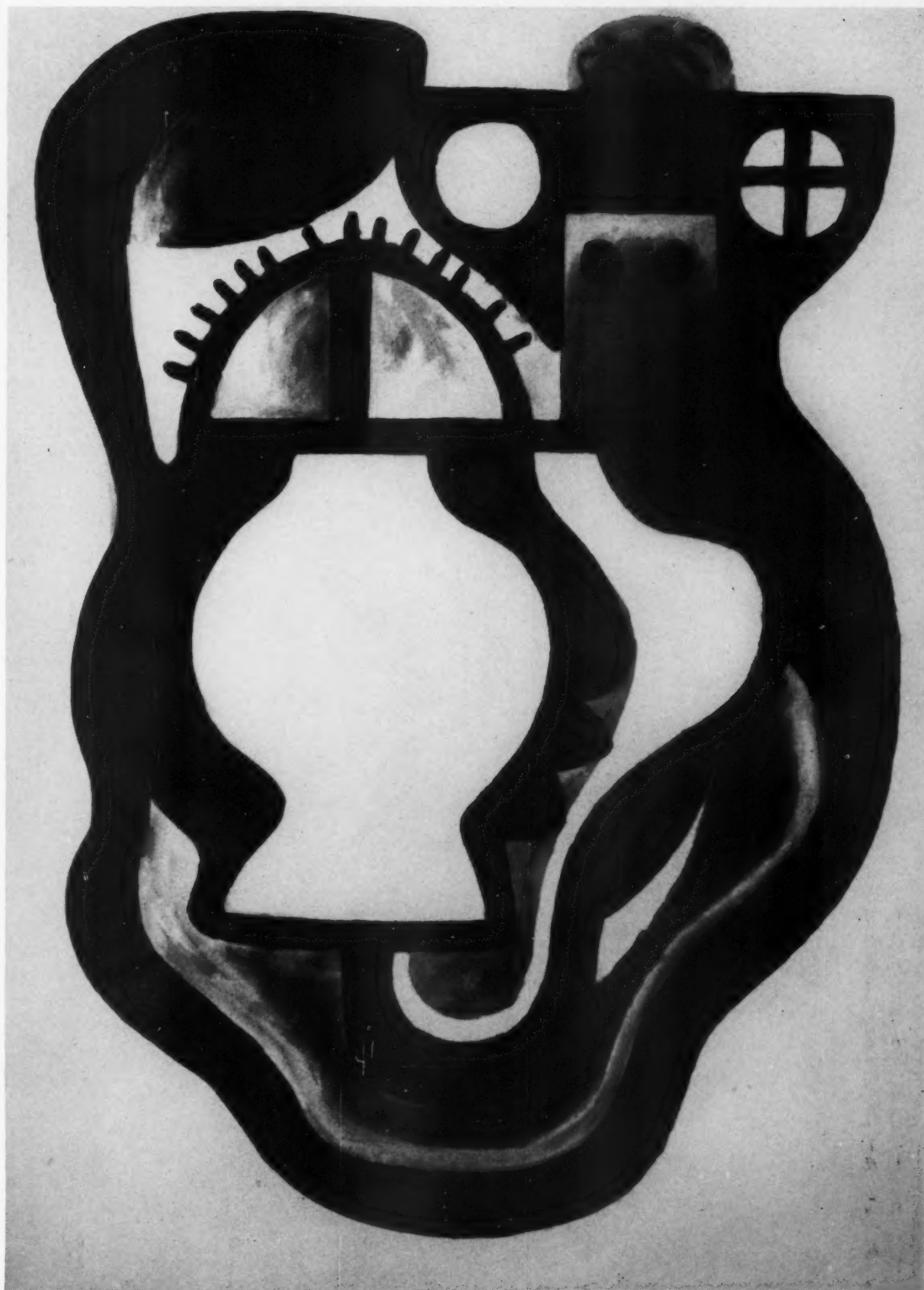
9 UNTITLED DRAWINGS, 1959
OIL ON PAPER, OWNED BY THE ARTIST



PLEASURABLE VOYAGE, 1959
OIL ON CANVAS, 57½"x50½"
COLLECTION, BLANCHETTE H. ROCKEFELLER, N. Y.



THE NUN, 1959 OIL ON CANVAS, 39"x57" OWNED BY THE ARTIST



THE MAGICIAN, 1960 OIL ON CANVAS, 79½"x57"
COLLECTION, MR. & MRS. RESNIKOFF, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA



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new talent: walter gaudnek

PAINTING AS SURPRISE

BY MARGARET RIGG

WALTER GAUDNEK was born in Fleyh, Czechoslovakia, in 1931. He began studying in Germany when he was eighteen, first in Ingolstadt and then in Munich. From 1952 to 1957 he attended the Akademie der Bildenden Künste, Munich, and received the prized Jubilee scholarship of the City of Munich. He led an international group of young artists and organized international exchange exhibitions of art between European countries so that the work of talented but as yet unknown artists could get a wider audience.

In 1957 Mr. Gaudnek received a Fulbright scholarship for study and teaching in the United States. For two years he served as teaching assistant and instructor in art at the University of California, Los Angeles, and in January, 1959, received his Master of Arts degree. Then he decided to travel east and try his fortune in painting in New York City. Since that time he has made tremendous strides, gaining notice and favor among the New York painters and critics. For the past year he has been guest lecturer and instructor in the Department of Art Education at New York University.

Except for this position, Mr. Gaudnek was without a public, and lacked the powerful contacts which would gain him a public. It was his drive and flare for leadership among artists that eventually placed his work directly before the public. He rented a third-floor, walk-up studio with one large room and plenty of wall space, in the Greenwich Village area. Almost immediately he turned his studio into a small gallery, the 10/4 GROUP at 71 Fourth Avenue. There he lives, and he and three or four other painters and sculptors hold group and one-man exhibits of their work. It was there, eventually, the work of Gaudnek was seen by someone from the Museum of Modern Art, and early last October he and two other young painters were given a showing.

The Museum of Modern Art has, for years, understood its mission to include the discovering of new talent, mostly in and around New York City. Gaudnek

was included in the fourteenth of the Museum's New Talent Exhibitions in its top-floor Penthouse gallery. This series of small, informal exhibitions, initiated in 1950, was planned as an opportunity to show little-known work which, in the opinion of the Department of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions, merits the attention of the Museum's members and the New York public, and of course, through national art magazines, the notice of the public "in the provinces." These New Talent shows do not exclude artists whose work is well known elsewhere, nor does it set any age limit. The New Talent shows help the artists gain initial recognition and the Museum takes no commission on the sales but acts as a patron-sponsor to the struggling artist whatever his age.

I FIRST met Walter Gaudnek through his showing there at the Museum of Modern Art in October. I was struck by the boldness of the black-and-white images. Very stark and compelling. No wooing of the public eye was evident in his work—no color to grasp as a starting point for the diffident onlooker dropping in for tea and sandwiches. Instead, a looming form, a concern for the image rather than lush surfaces and colors.

Later in the week I met Mr. Gaudnek briefly in one of the offices at New York University's Department of Art Education, but it took another couple of days to find my way to his studio at the corner of Tenth and Fourth in the Village.

A group show was going on in the one-room studio-gallery Gaudnek has founded: Schultz, Spyer, Hoberman and Gaudnek—three painters and a sculptor. All of them have turned away from color on canvas to stark black, brown, gray, white. The large gallery room did not seem big enough for those canvases and sculptures. After looking for awhile, Mr. Gaudnek and I sat and he talked a little about his work. There wasn't a whole lot I wanted to hear him say since his

paintings do that exceptionally well—but the few remarks he did make were exactly to the point and confirmed that he was aware of the strength of his work but not afraid to use words.

Once he said, "My paintings are very ugly and at first people don't like them . . . it takes awhile to be able to look at them." It is true. They are not pleasant paintings to be hung in the dining room, to eat by, to relax by, etc., etc. But they are not good paintings simply because they are stark and bold and disturbing. They get at meaning in a fresh and vigorous way—not just differently "unusual" but in a way, revelatory. Everyone will have his own idea about what they "mean."

Then Gaudnek walked over to one of the canvases he is working on and cupped his hands around a small area, "People sometimes go up to a painting and exclaim, 'Isn't that a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l blue?'—and I wonder what they mean. What is a beautiful blue? I don't know what a beautiful blue is, do you?" This is the sturdy reaction against the entrenched New York School of painting or so-called Action Painters who, Gaudnek feels, only paint surfaces, spreading on rich, vibrant colors, heaping up the impasto, thinning it out to a whisper—but, where is the *meaning*? Gaudnek is essentially concerned about meanings, messages and images or ideas. In art, during the last of the 1950's, the image vanished almost completely into the surface of the painting, into the clay and plaster and bronze and wood. Now it is returning to us. Gaudnek uses the canvas to bring the meaning to life in paint. The vision in his mind is not a fleeting, wished idea but takes on an actual form—becomes realized—is called into being. For years Gaudnek used colors in his work but as his painting and ideas matured, he began to feel the necessity for simple black and white and gray. He does not make a rule of using black and white and plainly says that one day he may go back to using colors.

That, at 29, Walter Gaudnek knows why he is painting is evident from his work. It is also evident from his own statement which he has written for *motive*:

"It is because I love that I know I do not know. It is frightening, embracing and bewitching to experience the unknown through love. It is sometimes dangerous.

"Painting for many people is many different things. That is all right. I paint because I love. Not for a substitution or sublimation of it but for a dynamic completion. To live all 'that is' fully and deeply makes me paint. I do not search for reasons and answers. I do not join my fellow artists who say that they paint 'what is anyway' but just not seen. What I paint 'might not be' but it becomes. A bull, a Nun or a wedding might inspire me to love and so I start painting, not to explain what happens or has happened, but to capture some of the unknown out of the unborn.

"My paintings do have a message: to accept 'what is not' or 'might not be' and to make it become 'reality' through your help.

"Style and handwriting are of second interest to me. It is what you deal with that excites me most. You might sing or play the guitar, dance or write a poem, paint a landscape or portrait. All that is fine. What will move me will be the personal, the uncommon, the extraordinary. To capture some of the mysterious and concealed will require the surprise.

"My painting is a surprise to me. I see hundreds of paintings or different artists every month in New York, and I come across many works of art while teaching and I am still surprised whenever I come back to my studio.

"My use of only black, white and gray in the most direct, simple and plain way is certainly one of the reasons for the surprise. It is not the most important one. Some day when I will not feel this surprise any more I will change. Whatever is meaning in my work will not change. The way I do things will always change. Maybe I will paint a painting high above the clouds some day, from an airplane, using lots and lots of red, green, orange and yellow paint on far-traveling white clouds."

—WALTER GAUDNEK



AND THE BLIND TO SEE

ART VERMILLION

evangelism and the arts . . .

BY MALCOLM BOYD

Christianity becomes merely a caricature of itself—sterile, lifeless, dried-out, irrelevant—when it is perverted into an ingrown religious system and divorced from ongoing, daily, momentary, crucial life situations.

A sorry misunderstanding of the Christian faith has asserted itself whenever life becomes mere self-centered existence, joy is suspect, creative work is brutally censored, poetry is derided, ideas are encased in tight molds and the arts are despised or neglected.

The arts, in the long run, preach the best sermons of all—Christian or not; yet, in a sense, these sermons are implicitly Christian whenever they are expressions of integrity and representations of an artist's freedom in being aware of his God-given humanness. By the same token, much would-be art (disguised in accepted art forms) that is explicitly labeled "religious" or "Christian" is not art but mere caricature of art, sentimentalized, banal, mediocre, essentially blasphemous.

Jacob Epstein's *Ecce Homo*—his uncompromising, shocking work of sculpture which an English parish refused to accept because of its "scandal"—preaches a Christian sermon to the whole of culture as well as to the timid, vulgarized parish which could not understand the Lord as Suffering Servant.

When an art medium is fettered and perverted into channels of expression which represent prostitution—as in the case of the traditional Hollywood "religious" movie—we are confronted by the grotesque and the hideous, deceptively cloaked in accepted religious symbol and reeking of the cheap perfume of whoredom, Babylonian or otherwise.

It is not enough to mix a stack of recognizable Christian or religious symbols with a stack of proven commercial gimmicks in order to produce a religious work of art. When one comes face to face with Grünewald's portrayal on the Issenheim altarpiece of the Crucifixion (as I did last summer in Europe) one wishes never again to be forced, either by politeness or brutal necessity, to sit through another Southern California concept of the death on the cross of the Son of God. When one sees face to face such a depiction as Grünewald's of the sheer *death* of the event of Golgotha, one wishes never again to see a bright caricature of the "death," complete with synthetic sprayed-on blood and sweat, and the ecstatic writhing of a handsome young actor given a make-up artist's beard to portray Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth and the Son of God.

The uncomprehending, unconverted would-be artists who toil to

motive

grind out "religious art" which will sell and bring in those fast, immediate dollars, are confessedly utterly confused when they are told that some contemporary art (which they have long since labeled as irreligious) is religious or Christian.

For example, we are being given in our best films and plays many portrayals of life within the hell marked by separation from God, lovelessness toward others and a fierce loneliness within one's own personality. Such art forms as give us these glimpses into the experience of a prefiguring of hell within human life possess Christian significance and dimension.

Contemporary man, suffering in his estrangement from God, brother and real self, finds himself

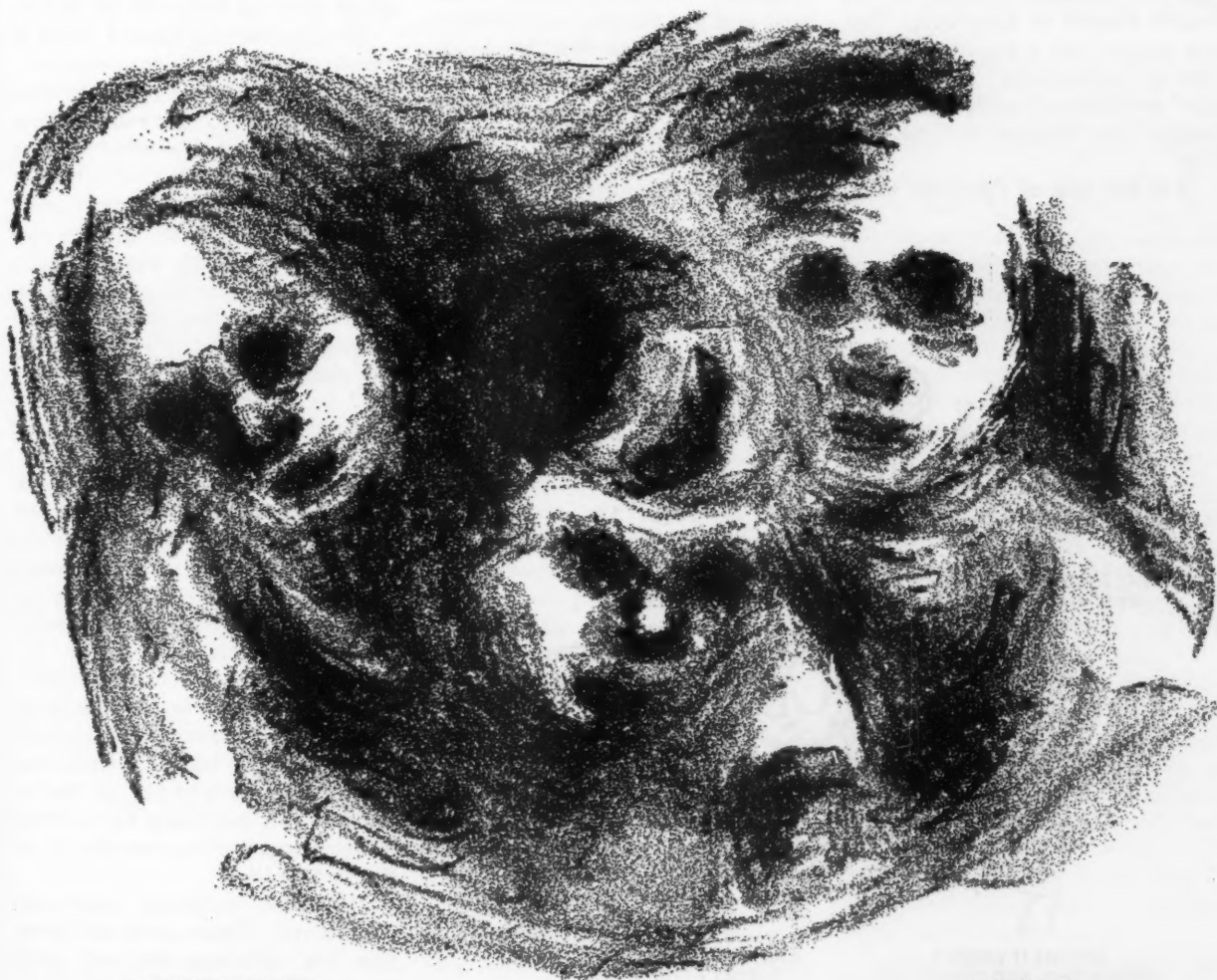
engulfed by sadness and futility, passion and panic. The best contemporary art frequently mirrors man's very experience of anxiety and grief, his knowledge of himself as finite and, often, hopeless.

Menotti's operatic work *The Consul* must be cited in this connection. So must some of our best canvases by contemporary artists who, by means of their expression in painting, hold up before our eyes the stark realism of various aspects of the human condition. In this same vein are some contemporary films of great merit including Sidney Meyers' *The Savage Eye*, Francois Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* and Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*.

Tennessee Williams is a play-

wright who has written profusely, expressed many conflicting images of life, and given us certain rock-hard transparent statements which seem to sum up sharply certain facets of modern life. Williams has bequeathed to us a classic statement of "Art of the Fall," that art mirroring man's self-awareness of a seemingly unredeemed, agonizing human condition, in a speech (by Tom) in his play *The Glass Menagerie*: "I traveled around a great deal. The cities swept about me like dead leaves, leaves that were brightly colored but torn away from the branches. I would have stopped, but I was pursued by something."

If one wishes to read into the meaning of his pursuit the strong force of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*, one can say that the



LITHOGRAPH PRINT

JEAN WELTY

play *The Glass Menagerie* points the way toward "Art of Redemption," that art which mirrors man's self-awareness of the fact of God's love and (related to it) man's love, poured out in concrete acts of a redemptive nature restoring to "lost" humanity the vision and the actuality of personal dignity, beauty and hope.

In another play by Tennessee Williams, *Camino Real*, one can cite a speech which represents "Art of Redemption": "In a place where so many are lonely, it would be inexcusably selfish to be lonely alone." Yet the play remains a picture of hell, in the tradition of Sartre's *No Exit* or Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. Incidentally, some current architectural work in church buildings represents "Art of Redemption"; one must particularly cite Le Corbusier's work in the French church at Ronchamp. Too, this writer sees a pointing toward "Art of Redemption" in the "secular" architectural achievement, the Guggenheim Museum in New York City.

It is the task of Christian inter-

pretation to probe the meaning of our contemporary "Art of the Fall" and to prepare the way for the creation and interpretation of "Art of Redemption" within our culture. This is, in fact, a primary responsibility which must be borne within our work of Christian evangelism.

In London last summer I saw Sir Laurence Olivier enact the role, in Ionesco's play *The Rhinoceros*, of the last remaining man after everybody else has changed into a rhinoceros. It is, of course, a study in conformity and nonconformity; Christian interpretation relates the theme of the play to all human attitudes and actions which fail to see man as bearing within his life the glory of having been created in the image of God.

Too, I saw the brilliant London play by Harold Pinter called *The Caretaker*—a study of human loneliness and the inability to communicate with other persons (especially while one is talking). Christian interpretation enables one to relate the play to the total problem of communication in life and to perceive how man—any man—is really un-

able to communicate meaningfully or honestly unless he first comprehends his own, and another man's, essential relationship to Jesus Christ

The incredible value of the best New York "off-Broadway" plays is their frank, searching, uncompromising excursions into experiences of barren human life. In Jack Gelber's play *The Connection*, men are sitting in a room waiting for a fix; a character called Cowboy is coming and he will bring with him enough dope for a moment's release from the hell of simply waiting for a moment's release. In Jean Genet's play *The Balcony*, the setting is a house of prostitution; we witness an almost unbelievably accurate portrayal—albeit a dramatically heightened one—of the role-playing in which all of us daily indulge in life.

The Zoo Story by Edward Albee is a one-act play in which a man, sitting in the park and trying to read a book, is suddenly confronted by another man and catapulted into the tragedy and intensity of his life. It is a situation in which superficiality is dropped like a mask, and the raw fiber of life violently exposed. Such a play affords a means of expression concerning his experience of life for a man who may not only be inarticulate about but also seriously threatened by dehumanizing forces, and aware of his inability to fight against them by mere human resources.

All these plays, and other plays, novels, films and other forms of art, can serve superbly as "preparation for the gospel" only if they are interpreted Christianly and explicitly related to the meaning of the gospel proclamation.

Christianity is dynamically, directly related to life—in the inner-city, in the university, in the suburb, in the office building, in the factory, in the theater. Jesus Christ is the Lord of the whole of life, of the totality of life, exercising his lordship in tying together the meaning of all the parts of life.

The vital, outgoing, sacrificial, evangelistic, Christ-centered Christian life embraces the arts with thanksgiving and support.



ROME,

august

BY L. M. COLLINS



Two hundred thousand Germans, it is said, were in Italy and Rome, camping, touring the holy and historic places, and taking millions of snapshots. For these, a special German-language newspaper was published at Rome during the Olympic Games "invasion." The Americans, too, were an invasion: the well-groomed, dignified Olympic athletes seeing the famous Roman sights in every spare moment; the blue-jeaned, rumpled beatniks sporting old men's beards on boys' faces; and many college girls and boys at the art shows and lectures and in the evenings at the opera at the Baths of Caracalla. All Italy was their classroom and nobody cut classes.

Hundreds of these collegians came via the new idea in air travel, the flight by charter costing about \$240 round trip from New York to Paris. More were at Rome and stayed longer than before ever, and long ago destroyed the image of the crazy, rich, complaining, loud-talking American boor. There were no "Yankee, go-home" signs; there was a sure feeling of welcome everywhere.

This feeling of conviviality was felt particularly in the auditorium of Castel Gandolfo, where the Pope, as is customary, held summer audi-

ences. On a Saturday in August there were many American delegates. There were also a strikingly large number of African seminarians and many startlingly emotional Italians. It was deeply moving to see them all, as faithful pilgrims in a land of religious determinism, kneel to receive the Holy Father's blessing. The Pope in his informal fifteen-minute address, delivered in Italian and immediately afterward translated into French, English, German and Spanish, stressed man's need for truth, mercy, and charity, exhorting all people of the world to wrestle with spiritual problems for the sake of peace, as they have happily done with physical hurdles for peaceful competition in the Olympic Games. There were applause and cheers punctuating the speech, and a show of fondness for this rather earthy Spiritual Father.

In Rome, walking is a headache; it is also dangerous. Motorists make it so. Since there are hardly any signal lights at intersections, traffic flows continuously; the drivers drive madly, seeming to be steering their vehicles on a dare. In an American city they would be arrested for reckless driving or "driving with intent to kill," and their permits would be revoked for life! In this nightmare one wonders why there are not more traffic deaths by auto or by the thousands of roaring scooters that weave in and out and by. Incidentally, the scooter is enjoying a fantastic vogue at Rome and Florence. Generally the riders are men, but to see a fellow and his date or even papa, mama, and the bambino on the scooter, all eyes ahead, draws no comment or a second glance.

Despite the popularity of certain American television films with the Romans, television viewing is still second to other social activities. It does not keep them homebound. Romans prefer getting out of their apartments to enjoy the conversation of their friends in the setting of their favorite cafe out-of-doors in the Continental manner.

Coffee and rolls were cheap, but just about everything else was high

by standards in the States set by Kroger and the A & P. Oranges were outrageously high, and so were bananas and apples. Haircuts were cheaper than they were in the States before the war, and every other shop was a barbershop. Postage was rather an expensive item, particularly if one wanted to send cards to all the homefolk; air-mail costs were in outer space. All this notwithstanding, Americans bought leather and silver souvenirs and much gold jewelry, straw bags, watches, and air tickets for short trips to Greece and North Africa.

Americans also adopted the Roman habit of reading the newspapers and other journals more avidly than they did at home, taking a peculiar pride in the *Time* cover story of the U.S. decathlon star, Rafer Johnson, and in Rome's *Lo Spocchio* cover picture of two un-

named U.S. girl athletes at Rome for the games.

Ancient Rome, with her viaduct remains and the Pantheon and the Forum, was currently competing with Rome, A.D. 1960, with her gay fountains, new motorways, and the architectural jewel of the Olympics, the Palazzetto Dello Sport. Not since the Caesars have there been such successful building ventures in Rome for the populace. The Romans, living from day to day in their restricted apartments, were wonder-struck at the great municipal projects.

Americans also in large numbers were quietly visiting the holy places. With dignity, appreciation and an aesthetic awareness that this was the Cathedral of all Catholicism, and realizing the meaning of the images about them, they stood in awe be-

fore the wonders, before sculpture and canvas of Michelangelo; and in the cool darkness of the catacombs at the place where, they were told, Peter and Paul were once buried. And they thrilled to the feel of time-long-past standing in the Colosseum, spectacularly illuminated for the Olympic Games visitors, and in Hadrian's villa at nearby Tivoli.

All these Americans, it seems, were aware that Romans today enjoy a wondrous expression of the spirit, despite the sad experiences of war and dictator and the humility of defeat, both in adherence to the faith with all its symbols and traditions that strengthen it, yet also in its less holy but important and active regard for art, old as Caesar or young as Joe Doe in Rome for the summer. This is the hallmark of this very strong, attractive city, believed by some to be eternal.



Bolivia

BULLETIN

Cochabamba, Bolivia

Crouching down on my bicycle, my left hand drawing together the lapels of my jacket to shield my throat from the cold morning air, my right hand, blue and goose-pimpled, squeezing the handle bars; every day, except for Sundays and strikes (which are many in Bolivia), I set out for the university.

At that hour the streets of Cochabamba are just beginning to become alive with newsboys and wrinkled women hawking their daily *Diario*; with white-smocked children walking hand in hand or perched precariously on the carriers of their fathers' bicycles, on their way to school. At that hour the city is just stirring from its sleep, grooming itself, as it were, for the activities of the day. Here and there women are out on the sidewalks combing and braiding their waist-length hair; men are stretching and yawning and enjoying their first before-breakfast smoke. So early in the morning the city, like a lethargic bear, is rubbing the sand from its eyes and waiting for the sun to warm its blood and call it from its hibernation.

But at that hour students at the university are already in their seats finishing the first class and waiting for the second. Rushing up the cement drive I glide past the flashing poinsettias of the university gardens, and leaving the bicycle parked in the patio, I bound up the stairs to the second-hour sociology class in the Faculty of Law. I take my seat to the left of a Baptist minister, like me interested in learning and bringing the gospel to the Bolivian university; to the right of a former newspaperman, out of favor now with his party, and so out of work, as those things go in a country where political conformity is the price of bread. I catch my breath for a second and then stand respectfully with the others as the professor enters the room, strides down the aisle and settles himself in a chair at a long lecture table at the front. At his signal we all sit down and listen with mixed emotions to a lecture on historical materialism.

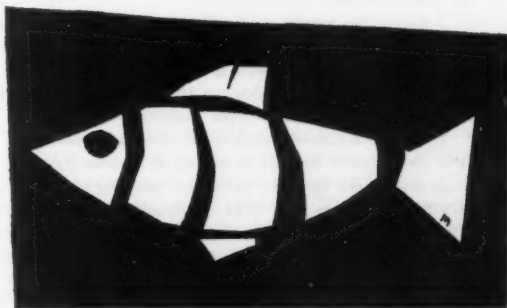
To many Christians of the Western World, historical materialism is but a word heard from afar, a word translated into "Marxism," "communism," or "Cuba," headlined in the daily papers. To other Christians, however, historical materialism is a word near at hand, a word taught in high schools and universities, discussed and debated on street corners and football fields, a word passionately defended as the prescription for the world's ills or energetically denounced as the Devil's medicine. Such is the situation in this country where centuries of sleep and neglect and indifference to human betterment have left a people poor, as poor as poor can be. Where there is poverty a pill which promises progress and prosperity is eagerly grasped at, and swallowed too soon.

As a missionary in Bolivia, historical materialism is a word near to me, too. It is a word which I cannot hear dispassionately nor talk about disinterestedly, for it is alive and palpable and visible in the person of an embittered sociology professor who in his classes pompously preaches it day after day. It is lived and argued within the person of a curly-haired student with a quick nervous laugh who belongs to the Communist Party. It is incarnated in the person of an intelligent ex-Catholic who, once torn by doubts about the truth of his faith, has peace of mind and sense of purpose and direction now that he is convinced Christianity is an illusion and an opium of the people to be fought and belittled and ridiculed. You cannot remain indifferent to a word so present and real which challenges the finality of the Word we preach, the Word of God incarnate in the Person of Jesus Christ.

But to preach the gospel in the university is no easy task. How can you do it when the challenge is so bold? What are the rules and procedures? You cannot stand up in a pulpit and preach a sermon, for they will laugh at you and they will tell you the university is no place for religious propaganda. You cannot distribute tracts and Bible portions, for they will pick them up with scorn and tear them into bits in your face and they will tell you that Isaiah and St. Paul have been superseded by Marx and Engels.

What can be done is perplexing and even subject to debate. No authority has spelled it out; no treatise has warned of pitfalls to avoid and obstacles to surmount. The road is unexplored and open to mistakes and stumbling and you tread it with fear and trembling trusting that God will throw enough light to lighten your path and keep you from faltering, knowing from past experience that the Lord at your side will steady your steps and keep you from falling. Thank God for the light and the strength he does provide.

There are ways to witness, however. One is to study their materialism, know it well and criticize it from the point of view of the Christian faith. They respect you if you talk from firsthand knowledge and not from secondhand ignorance. And they accept your criticism if you can show them, "This is bad, but that is good. Marx is wrong in this, but in that he is right." Besides, it confounds their neat dogmatic generalizations, and they begin to use their own critical intelligence to find flaws and fallacies in the communist system.



Another way is to cooperate with them on such projects as work camps and student newspapers. So you get to know them as individual human beings with their sins and their virtues. So you can point out to them in a personal way how they stand in need of God's forgiveness in Christ and how God can use their talents in the service of his kingdom.

Some of us modern missionaries of the gospel are witnessing in such ways in the Bolivian university. The job is demanding. But the duty is clear: "Go therefore and make disciples." And so is the promise sure: "Lo, I am with you always." We ask your support and your prayers to do the job well and to be faithful to the promise.

—Charles A. McFarren

Brazil

BULLETIN

Sao Luiz, Maranhao, Brazil

As I write, a little boy is passing with a *melancia* (watermelon) in one hand and a live crab dangling from a string in the other. Women are walking along with baskets on their heads, and one just passed with freshly pressed clothes on her head. Now, two cows are wandering by; and a boy and his donkey carrying two large cans of milk—to be dipped into pans of housewives. People are selling all kinds of things from eggs to hammocks to things like cookies and ice cream (from an ice-box cart). We see these and many other interesting sights in front of our student hostel here in Parnaiba, Piaui (one hour by plane, but two days by bus from Sao Luiz).

Inside the hostel, we see our students cleaning, cooking, ironing and studying, but most important of all, we see them growing in the Christian faith and learning how to work in the church. I have come from Sao Luiz to spend two weeks teaching them how to direct a vacation Bible school. We hope they will be able to direct many when they have summer vacation (December-February).

Most of the month of March was spent helping open a new church-related primary school and a small-scale student hostel in Lima Campos.

I spent the month of April in our hostel in Parnaiba. I taught the students methods for teaching in and supervising a Sunday school department, as well as a hygiene course.

From the 30th of May to the 6th of June, I was in Recife for an evangelistic committee meeting.

From Santa Luzia, some Christians and I went two hours farther into the interior to hold a service in Palma. Palma is a temporary road settlement for families of men working on the Brasilia Highway (dirt road) from Sao Luiz to Brasilia. We conducted the first Christian service held in Palma—a village where only 3 out of 500 inhabitants are Christians. The people listened attentively, as we told the parable of the prodigal son with puppets and of God's great love through talks and hymns. Among those who lingered after the service were Maria, a lovely teen-age girl, who though illiterate asked for a "Gospel" that someone else might read it to her; a man and his daughter who were eager to receive a tract and "Gospel" (he said his wife used to be a Christian); a non-Christian, who said he had a Bible but wanted one with a concordance.

—Rose Cameron

Campinas, E. de Sao Paulo, Brazil

What otherwise might be irksome, now becomes of almost infinite worth: the preparation of classroom materials, even up to late hours; giving out a slice of bread to a little black boy, almost naked and shivering in the cold (please, Sir, for the love of God!); conducting morning worship at the seminary chapel; well, life is

quite well worth living, isn't it, in spite of ominous rumblings on the Eastern front!

Sao Carlos is an attractive city, at 3,000 feet altitude, in a beautiful upland countryside, with about 60,000 people, booming industries (the luxurious red carpet on which President Eisenhower set foot as he alighted from his jet plane in Brasilia, on his recent visit, was made there in what is said to be the finest factory of its kind in the land), and busy merchandising. In this midst the church is active in its ministry of preaching, teaching and healing. I returned home, tired but much refreshed and rejoicing in heart to be counted among the growing number of those who serve Christ and his church in Brazil.

—Frank F. Baker

Ituiutaba, Minas Gerais, Brazil

We are amazed every time we look at the calendar. We never know what month it is any more. Right now you all are having your winter and we are enjoying hot, vacation weather.

O'dell preached for the first time at the "Nordestino" colony; it was an interesting, and certainly different type of service. When he arrived, although the date had been set, no one was expecting him. So the first part of the visit was spent in going from hut to hut inviting people to the worship service. Then, after locating a creek and taking a bath, O'dell and the native evangelist were ready for the night's work (still hungry, because no one offered them supper).

The place allotted them for showing a film and preaching turned out to be right next to the corral, and the people gathered right beside the herd. The film was shown (using a kerosene projector) and the evangelist explained why they had come. Around 200 people were assembled, and while he talked, they were milling around, talking, laughing, smoking—a few of them listening. Finally, it was time for O'dell to preach and the idea seemed rather hopeless. He began by asking if anyone had ever heard of Jesus Christ. One man said he had, and the preaching service began. After the sermon, one man appeared to be genuinely interested.

As almost immediate and subsequent results, O'dell, on his third trip there, met the owner of the land who agreed to give land, labor and material to build a small school. And in August, we had a young bachelor, Jaime, going there to teach in our primary evangelical school. It is not easy work.

To give an idea of the complete ignorance that so often confronts the missionary, a Brazilian friend told O'dell, "When you mention the Bible to these folks, they don't know whether you are talking about a book or a type of truck."

The work in Centralina and Tupaciguara is going well. At Centralina, Senhor Leonardo, who was converted eight months ago, is preparing with his wife to make his profession of faith. Besides

motive



LITHOGRAPH PRINT

JEAN WELTY

making visits with O'dell he has given his home and land around it (plus planks and bricks for benches) for Sunday school every Sunday afternoon. Around 60 attend.

And at Tupaciguara they are wanting to buy a church building to meet the needs of a growing congregation. Waldyr and Maria Rosa are two young people who have decided to work in the church and are praying and working to finance the necessary study.

We find ourselves feeling more and more that this is where we are supposed to be and in that knowledge there is a real sense of joy and fulfillment in spite of the overwhelming, limitless work to be done.

—Pat Smith

Minas Gerais, Brazil

Early in the month we launched out on a new type of work in our East Brazil Mission—a combined evangelical-agricultural-health conference held in a big tent, 36' by 27', with brown top and bright orange flaps. The first conference was held in the country. The tent was set up on top of a hill next to the little church school. In the afternoon our agricultural missionary taught the men how to kill the big red ants that eat up everything the farmers plant (I've about given up planting flowers because of them; it's so disheartening to plant and take care of flowers only to have the

ants cut and carry off the entire flower bed in a night. They do the same for vegetables, leaves off big trees, anything green); how to burn the termites' cone in the center of large dirt "ant" hills in the pastures, so that without the bugs the brick-hard hills will wash away with the next rains; where to find and how to plant better seeds; how to dig a well for the family's water supply so that the women won't have to carry water from the nearest stream, sometimes very far from the house; and very important indeed, how to build a privy.

Also in the afternoon a Brazilian nurse talked to the women on general hygiene, basic diet, child care, and child birth. When we tell them they must boil the filthy water and the milk for their sick children, they just look at us with tolerance that seems to say, "Oh, my, these queer Americans!" But they will listen to a Brazilian nurse and follow at least some of her instructions.

At night, thanks to a wonderful generator, some colored 16mm. sound movies on health (how to get rid of intestinal parasites, how to build a privy, how to get rid of mosquito-breeding water holes, the importance of washing hands and utensils before preparing food), many with Walt Disney characters in Brazilian rural setting with Portuguese sound tracts, were shown to the great delight of from 200 to 300 men, women, and children—the many dogs uncounted!

—Lalla Mellor

peace moves on the campus

AFTER years of silence, the campus has again begun to assert itself as a center for dissent and political action. The American college student is beginning to grasp the magnitude of the crisis which faces our culture. He sees slums in the midst of an "affluent" society. He sees racial injustice and, above all, is aware of the spectre of nuclear destruction which hangs over our heads.

The total insecurity of modern life has made ours a generation noted for its silence and lack of concern. Because we live in the midst of a socio-political crisis, we have seen the Beat Generation arise as an escape from society. We have seen many causes lost or turned sour. It is difficult for us even to grasp the problems facing us because of their very immensity.

Against this background of pessimism, cynicism, and escape a new force is emerging—American student life—which may very well be the catalyst for a reawakening in all sectors of our society. This force has shown itself in the sit-in movement, in the struggle for civil rights and liberties, and in the peace movement. A new, dynamic, and concerned student is rising from a decade of cynicism and apathy.

In the North at least, the major portion of student concern has centered around the peace issue. Within the short space of a year and a half, a meaningful student peace movement has been built up in the United States. Students, in substantial numbers, have participated in a wide variety of activity, ranging from nonviolent direct action against missile submarines to petition campaigns and study groups supporting world disarmament. What are some of the reasons and motivations for this growth?

The motivation for the upsurge in peace activity is almost as varied as the direction the movement is taking. It ranges from a Christian concern about the problems of the arms race to a genuine, realistic fear of nuclear destruction and a belief that there is a way out of the impasse. Increasingly, members of the various student Christian movements around the nation are manifesting a real concern. Active Christian pacifist groups, centered around the Fellowship of Reconciliation, exist on a number of

campuses. Many of the denominational youth fellowships have taken official stands on peace issues and individual campus groups have been active in peace study and action. Underlying this activity is an increasing concern for the social gospel on the parts of many Christian youth.

Along with the growth of a basically Christian concern, a more or less secular movement has developed. This is not to say that there is any conflict between the two approaches to the issue. On the contrary, there has been close cooperation between them and both are represented in the organized manifestation of a new student peace movement, the Student Peace Union.

With the end of the period of McCarthyism in the United States, many students are again beginning to express themselves on topics of political and social importance. The mystique of the Beat, with its cult of withdrawal and cynicism, is wearing off. The silent generation is beginning to find its voice. The reasons for this phenomenon are complex. Many students are dismayed by the lack of progress made to date in disarmament negotiations and have seen that an active mass movement can be effective in pressuring governmental authorities. An excellent example of this fact is the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain, which has succeeded in bringing the question of the arms race to the forefront in British political life. Indeed, students all over the world are part of a tremendous upsurge of activity. In Turkey, Japan, Korea, and in Latin America students are taking the lead in political action, sometimes with great success. American students, with no real tradition of political action or concern, are slowly beginning to take the initiative.

The campus is literally coming alive with peace activity. A few examples will give an indication of the extent and growth of the movement. The Student Peace Union, with affiliated groups on forty campuses, members on one hundred and twenty, regional offices in New York, Chicago, Boston, Oberlin (Ohio), and Berkeley (California), was organized less than a year and a half ago. The SPU serves as a national co-ordinating organization for student peace action and study in the United States. It issues a month-



ly bulletin, sponsors such speakers as Dr. Linus Pauling, and issues literature and pamphlets.

In June of this year, two students were sent to the Summit Conference in Paris bearing a petition signed by more than ten thousand students on one hundred and forty campuses. This petition expressed the concern of the students for disarmament and called for several concrete steps by the "Big Four" as a first step toward an end to the arms race. Included in these suggestions were the cessation of nuclear weapons testing and production, admission of mainland China to the United Nations, increased nonmilitary foreign aid and stepped-up support for the United Nations. Petitions were also presented to both the Democratic and Republican party conventions, expressing the concern of several thousand students for peace.

The time-honored custom of "soap-box" speaking has been instituted on many campuses. At Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, several SPU members were arrested by local police for "erecting a structure on public property." The structure was a small box. The police, under pressure from the American Civil Liberties Union and many students and faculty, later backed down. The upshot of this event was a lengthy interview over the campus radio station and widespread discussion among students. Successful "soap-box forums" have been held at a number of other campuses with no incident. Other direct-action projects include a two-day, forty-mile walk for peace from Great Lakes Naval Training Center to Chicago's "Loop." Forty students started out on the walk and were met by more than four hundred others as they neared the city. A program of study and discussion is also an integral part of most campus peace groups. Subjects range from technical problems of disarmament to "Christian responsibility" and "Pacifism and nonviolence."

SUCH, then, is the anatomy of a growing and important force on the American campus. Its importance stems both from the movement itself and from the fact that it is an indication of the ferment that is going on among students. This ferment cannot be

underestimated. It has shown definite signs that it is not of a transitory nature but is an integral part of the campus scene. It is possible that the student movement can act as a catalyst for a real reawakening of a social conscience in America. Indeed, there are indications that this is already taking place. Both the broad peace and civil rights movements have received valuable shots in the arm from the student movement.

What will be the direction of the student peace movement during the coming months? From present indications, it seems that continued growth and direct action are the orders of the day. Student leadership is generally responsible and represents a wide range of opinion. Interest among large numbers of students remains intense.

The Christian student movement can and, indeed, should play a vital role in the peace movement. Christians have a basic commitment that is of vital importance to any movement aiming at positive social change.

The Christian has the responsibility to work toward the elimination of war and the possibility of nuclear destruction not only because of the tremendous danger to mankind but because he has a fundamental commitment to the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth.

A beginning has been made. Students can be an effective force for change and can act as a catalyst on society at large. Many students do not realize that the campus is not an ivory tower. More often than not, it is the students who form the nucleus of any movement for social change. At least they supply much of the leadership. They can make the crucial difference. In our crisis culture the hopes are great and so are the possibilities —but so are the dangers.

—PHILIP ALTBACH
national chairman
student peace union
chicago 37, illinois



student frontier, 1961

THE Negro student of today is tired of compromises. He wants complete freedom, not token freedom.

From the first sit-ins, the young Negro has kept the command in his own hands. No regularly constituted outside authority has been able to catch up with him. The sit-ins swept the South so rapidly that it was impossible to catch up with the movement. It was even harder for routinized bureaucrats with vested interests in race relations and civil liberties to catch up ideologically. The whole spring went by before the professional leaders began to get even a glimmering of what was happening; Martin Luther King is the exception. In the meantime, the old leadership was being pushed aside. Young ministers just out of the seminary, maverick young teachers in Jim Crow colleges, choir mistresses, a few school marms, and Sunday school teachers in all the small Southern cities pitched in and helped—and let the students lead them without bothering to clear it with Roy Wilkins. In a couple of months, the N.A.A.C.P. found itself with a whole new cadre sprung up from the grass roots.

Only two organizations seemed to understand what was going on, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Congress Of Racial Equality. The world has been electrified with the work of the leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Martin Luther King. Through his heroic efforts in Montgomery and his early grasp of the nature of the sit-in movement, Dr. King taught us that it is better and braver, far more effective and far more pleasurable, to act with love than with hate. Thus when we have won, we will have gained an unimpeachable victory.

CORE, the Congress Of Racial Equality, is a direct-action, race-relations group of invaluable help and assistance in the Negro students' struggle. Few Negroes knew much about CORE. Nevertheless, many CORE chapters or similar organizations began their own direct nonviolent action.

Negro students at North Carolina A & T College, Southern University, Virginia Union University, Tennessee A & I University, Allen University, Shaw University, Kentucky State College, South Carolina State, Alabama State, Virginia State, Maryland State, Morgan State, Benedict College, St. Augustine College, North Carolina College, Fisk University, Morris Brown, Morehouse, Clark, Spelman, Florida A & M University, Savannah State, and

Atlanta University struck a death blow at segregation through demonstrations.

The police hosed and clubbed the sit-inners, the Uncle Tom presidents of the captive Jim Crow colleges expelled them in droves. Northern white students came South and insisted on being arrested along with the Negroes, sympathy picket lines were thrown in front of almost every chain variety store in almost every college town in the North. Even some stores with no branches in the South, and no lunch counters anywhere found themselves picketed until they cleared themselves of any implications of Jim Crow.

The response on the campuses of the white colleges of the South was immediate. White and Negro students met together in order to map strategy to destroy this Cancer that has almost destroyed America—segregation.

America is in a horrible dilemma! The most powerful nation on the face of the globe is facing a crucial test. Its constitution is being challenged. The country that has been attempting to establish democracy all over the world should practice democracy below the Mason and Dixon line. The country that fashioned the great economic Marshall Plan to save Europe from godless communism, and recently set up a five billion dollar Marshall Plan for Latin America in order to offset Mr. Castro's influence, is now being asked to give Negroes a basic elementary right, the right to earn a decent living. Can you justify a country that will fashion a five billion dollar economic plan for Latin America, and yet allow the state of Louisiana to starve thousands of innocent Negro babies?

WHAT are Negro students looking for? We are looking for the creation of the beloved community. We shall follow Martin Luther King's suggestion and create this community with action, the use of the weapon of the boycott against those stores in Southern cities which continue to segregate us. And we must boycott with all the vigor we can employ.

What do I mean by boycotting with all the vigor we can employ? I don't mean withholding economic patronage only. How about segregated theaters where we have to creep up a long, dismal staircase into a decrepit grandstand crowded with so many other "contented" black sheep?

Ours is not a boycott to destroy the



economic community! It is an economic withdrawal from evil. To destroy radical evil, one must be radically good. Evil rules our beloved Southland. We must redeem the South! We must redeem America! We must save America from the fate of empires and civilizations that have been destroyed because of evil. Segregation is evil, and the Negro student is determined to help America destroy the evils of segregation.

We are fighting a moral issue. In the words of Rev. Kelly Miller Smith, "if you are fighting a moral issue, you have to stay on firm moral grounds."

As the college students returned to their campuses this fall, they were faced with such great dangers as Uncle Tom presidents remaining in office, Uncle Tom presidents having promised to keep Negro students in line, state legislatures having threatened to withdraw all funds if demonstrations continue, and parents exerting undue pressure on their children to refrain from demonstrations. In spite of these apparent hinderances, **WE ARE NOT TURNING BACK!** Our cause is right! God's on our side! Our help is in the name of the Lord and we will win this battle!

—EDWARD B. KING, JR.

administrative secretary
student nonviolent co-ordinating committee
atlanta 3, georgia

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contributors

ROBERT HAMILL began writing for *motive* twenty years ago, in our volume I, number 1. We always welcome him to our pages. He is now pastor of Wesley Methodist Church, Madison, Wisconsin, which is the Wesley Foundation church serving the University of Wisconsin.

LOUISE STOLTENBERG was three years with the Department of Religion in Higher Education, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, California, having a special assignment with the public junior colleges of the state in the area of moral and spiritual values. This year she is herself a student at Pacific School of Religion.

FRED D. GEALY has an amazing life history. Native Pennsylvanian, he studied at Allegheny College for an undergraduate degree, earned graduate degrees from Boston University (S.T.B., Ph.D.) and Union Seminary (S.T.M.), and was a graduate fellow at Basel and Berlin. He has been church organist, choir director, minister of music. He has taught church music, missions, history of religions, New Testament, and Greek. For 13 years, he taught at Aoyama Gakuin, Tokyo, and for 20 years at Southern Methodist University, Dallas. Since September, he has been professor of New Testament and Church Music at the Methodist Theological School in Ohio. His recent book is entitled, *Let Us Break Bread Together*.

MALCOLM BOYD is often in these pages, and many of our readers can meet him in person at the 7th National MSM Conference, August 26-31, at the University of Illinois, at which he will be a major speaker. He is chaplain at the Episcopal center at Colorado State University, Fort Collins.

L. M. COLLINS is a long-time book reviewer for the *Nashville Tennessean*, and has contributed articles to such varied publications as the *Wilson Library Bulletin*, the *Scandinavian Review*, and *News of Norway*. He is professor of English at Fisk University, Nashville.

CHARLES A. McFARREN is a Methodist missionary in Bolivia. He was educated at Hamline University, Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary. He and Mrs. McFarren, a native of Austria, have been in Bolivia since 1952.

The Brazil Report comes from **FRANK F. BAKER**—professor in the Presbyterian Church of Brazil's Seminary of the South at Campinas, who retires this year after 45 years of service in Brazil; **ROSE CAMERON**

—who went to Brazil in 1957 as a Presbyterian U.S. missionary, and works with churches in Brazil's interior as a director of Christian education; **LALLA MELLOR**—mother of three little girls, wife of a Presbyterian U.S. minister and missionary, who together work with young churches in the rural area of Alenas; and **PATRICIA REES SMITH**—wife of the Presbyterian U.S. missionary to west Brazil, the country's frontier, based at Ituiutaba, site of a government agricultural colony.

MAHLON SMITH has been a friend and companion at student conferences for some time now. As a Rutgers University student, he has been a leader in the Methodist Student Movement and president of the New Jersey MSM.

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

BEN MAHMOUD, the cover artist for the November issue, is now teaching at Columbus College of Art and Design in Columbus, Ohio. He does a good deal of painting and exhibits work in shows around the area. We will welcome more work from Ben in forthcoming issues.

JACK MORSE lives in Seneca Falls, New York, and continues to send his work to *motive*. He is an art teacher, and is busy producing designs for liturgical furniture. The fresh forms of his Christian symbols give the church a new lease on its venerable tradition.

JEAN PENLAND, a full-time artist for the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee, incorporates design and symbol in her illustrations—which do more than merely "illustrate."

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN, free-lancing as an artist in the unlikely place of Uncasville, Connecticut, kindly sends us batches of work regularly and in marvelous quantity. His work frequently appears in many other magazines.

JIM CRANE teaches art at Wisconsin State College, and is having a one-man show of his recent cartoons at Salina, Kansas.

MARCO HOFF, a well-known artist and printmaker from Chicago, exhibits widely in shows across the country. The PRAYER print belongs to the *motive* art collection (which at the moment is booked up through 1962).

ART VERMILLION, who has had little time to contribute to *motive* since he has been

in seminary, is now in his last year at Christian Theological Seminary in Indianapolis, Indiana, so we hope to see more of his graphic work soon.

JOACHIM PROBST, featured in *motive*, October, 1959, lives and works in New York City, painting in oils and drawing in ink the reality of life under the hand of God . . . its grandeur and pain. His work is in both private and public collections across the country. Upon seeing Probst paintings, the French art critic Andre Malraux said, "he is perhaps the greatest painter of the century." There is a striking resemblance in Probst's paintings to the work, the spirit of Rembrandt—this is the work of celebration, the highest form of art.

MOTIVE

FEBRUARY ISSUE 1961 celebrates the 20th anniversary of motive

Since the first issue, in February, 1941, the aims of the magazine have remained the same. We take the arts seriously and seek to bring culture into a vital relationship with contemporary problems and theology. We do not expect all students either to "like" or read *motive*. We are not in business to please the mass public taste, student or otherwise, or to compete in popularity with *Time*, *Life* or *Playboy*. We do not have an "image" of our reader. We have, instead, an image of the times in which we are alive to act and think; a sense of great issues and great problems and great possibilities offered on the one hand by the fragmented culture and on the other hand by the grace of God.

In 1941, H. D. Bollinger wrote: "world events are shaping to a crisis. Demonic forces of physical power in all nations are being brought into play against all that Christianity is

and means to men. What will be the outcome? No one event may be offered in answer. If the direction that society takes is toward truth, democracy, and Christian ideals, it will come to pass because Christian men lead in that direction."

In 1941, Harvey C. Brown wrote: "*motive*. Yes! but—why a periodical for students? Such a puzzled query is not heard from one who has been elbowing his way through campus groups. College youth demand a fresh and virile interpretation of Christianity. Students, and their counselors, are asking if Christianity has meaning for this lacerated, gasping, social structure of today! The mood of some would-be intellectuals is expressed by an interrogation; others by an exclamation. Christians speak with assurance, a worldly-wise, a knowing voice.

"*motive*, a new venture in campus journalism, will seek to interpret the Christian faith, with its particular relevance to our chaotic religious climate—to students who are caught within the toils and frustrations, the triumphs and fulfillments of a rapidly changing reality we call society."

In 1961 we say "amen" to all that was said in that first issue about our task as a Christian journal which takes culture seriously and intends to make the writings and works of art of the best this age has to offer available to the best student minds of this generation.

Notice: Contributing artists in *motive* are NOT on the staff (paid or otherwise) of the magazine—or otherwise employed in any official capacity by *motive*.

This statement comes about because many church and college groups tend to assume that artists who contribute to *motive* pages are somehow officially connected with the magazine as paid staff. Bob Hodgell, Jim Crane, Jim McLean, Jack Morse and RCB are simply faithful contributors.

The number of speaking and exhibiting engagements these artists have been asked to participate in, conduct, organize and (sometimes) finance (!) grows with each year. The general assumption on the part of some church and student groups is that these artists, by virtue of appearing often in *motive*, are in the nature of staff personnel to be called upon for various programs and shows, talks and panel discussions, exhibits and contests—activities which cost the artist precious time from his own painting and/or job.

Perhaps this is the place to point out that college and local church groups should exercise some special restraints in asking for programs from such overworked but dedicated artist-churchmen. (There is the serious danger that the church will force them into becoming "talking artists" with no work of their own to talk about.)

Groups should assume *all* travel and hospitality expenses for an invited artist or for bringing his art exhibit to the church or campus. Furthermore a sizable honorarium for their time and energy—the long hours in preparation, framing, crating, shipping (costs), insurance, for the program—should be assumed by the group inviting the artist. It is the mark of our culture that we accept the doctor's and lawyer's fees, the bill from the plumber and pay in thirty days, but the artist we expect for nothing!

Ironically the church still has the impression that the relationship of patronage between church and artist means that the artist gives freely and continuously in support of the church, its programs and education, instead of finding renewed vigor in support of the artist by the church. It seems often that the readiness for dialogue comes mainly from the artists rather than from the church—it is often the "secular artist" who has delved into the Bible seriously and studied theology while the churchman has refused to take time to study art history or to spend long hours in galleries and museums.

This whole problem was the core of a late summer discussion held with various artists. They wanted to clarify their role, responsibility and problems.

Two points emerged: first, that church and campus groups ought to seek out local community artists rather than automatically call on *motive* contributors for every conference, seminar and exhibit. And secondly, when an artist is invited to speak or exhibit, the church group should have prepared the way for his contribution by previous discussions of the theme, study groups, gallery tours and reading. The artist should not be invited to come in order to entertain the group, or to spruce up a lagging program, or to "get the ball rolling" for later discussions between theology and the arts. Use a live artist wisely!

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XUM



DAVID IN SORROW 1957 OIL 40"x50", JOACHIM PROBST
OWNED BY DIANA ADLER

1:1 a parable

IN the beginning there was MAN, a rational, thinking, laughing, featherless, sex-driven, passionate creature, who decided he was lonely. And man said: "Let there be light." And there was light: fluorescent bulbs and incandescent bulbs, neon signs and luminescent panelling, sun lamps and mercury vapor lamps, General Electric and Westinghouse, all blinking on and off. And MAN used this light to eliminate the darkness. And the day was night and the night was day. And all was light. (At the touch of a switch.) And MAN saw the light and said he could see.

And MAN said: "Let there be lights to rule the East and lights to rule the West." And MAN made Connecticut Power and Light to rule New England and Con Edison to rule New York. And to each state he assigned its appropriate light. And the rest of the world burned matched. And MAN divided the greater lights from the lesser lights, and he divided East from West.

And MAN said: "Let there be heaven and earth." And MAN used fertilizers and chemicals to increase the output of his farms; he used dredges to reclaim the swamps and urban renewal projects to rebuild the cities. He used barometers and thermometers and cloud seeding devices to predict and control the weather. And he sent rockets into space to follow the paths of his telescopes and circle the sun. And MAN saw the earth and longed for the heavens.

Then MAN said: "Let there be life." And he dissected frogs and injected rats with hypodermic needles and locked mice in Skinner boxes. He saw the amoeba and protozoa and broke into the living cell. He analyzed guinea pigs and even analyzed himself. He invented the world of Id and inhabited it with egos, with psychoses, Oedipus complexes, sibling rivalries, and paranoid schizophrenia. And MAN said: "Here is life."

And then MAN said: "Let there be God." But he couldn't decide what type of god he should have, so he first made him with a cat's head, or a horse's body, or in the shape of the sun. But these didn't satisfy MAN, and so he made God in his own image. He gave him a long white beard and told him he was infinite, omniscient, omnipresent, perfect, incomprehensible, and on my side. He told him that he was so much on my side that he died for me, so what I do is naturally right. And MAN made God and set him on a pedestal and went back to his work and blew himself up.

And in the end there was God.

—MAHLON SMITH